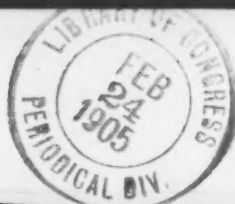


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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1905



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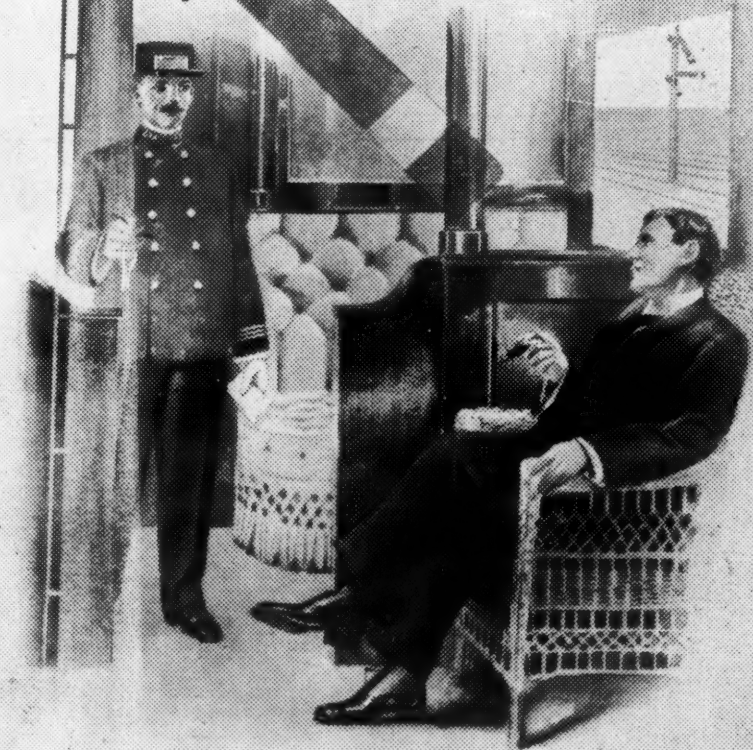
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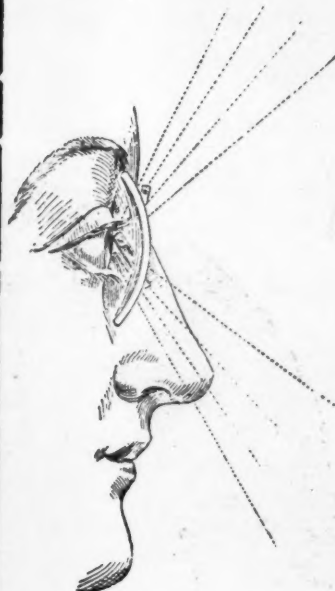
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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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What Cambronne Said

DR. JOHN SIMON, the excellent Health Commissioner, has filed his candidacy for the Democratic Mayoralty nomination against—not Rolla Wells, but the influences which forced his candidacy, and will control his administration. The Democratic primary contest may be put thus:

DR. JOHN H. SIMON vs.	The Gas Trust (Lionberger).
	The United Railways (Sam Priest).
	The Trust Companies (Festus J. Wade)
	The Lumber Trust (Nelson W. McLeod)
	The Brewery Bunch (Charlie Lemp and Tony Stuever)
	The St. Louis Transfer Co. (George J. Tansey)
	The World's Fair Crowd (D. R. Francis)
	The Cold Storage Trust (T. S. McPheeters)
	The St. Louis Club (Jno. F. Lee)
	The Gambling Syndicate (Harry B. Hawes)
	The Jefferson Club (Cella-Adler-Tilles)
	The Voting Trust (Thomas E. Kinney)

And if the bunch of civically righteous and unselfish beauties to the right can't get Wells for Mayor they hope to have "something equally as good" in the nomination by the Republicans of Corwin H. Spencer. Nothing is to be left to chance by the Big Cinch.

They are all opposed to Butler—and yet Butler is Butler by reason of what he has done for most of them.

"Merde!" said Cambronne.

Rolla Wells and the Big Cinch

By W. M. R.

AT the first caucus to arrange for the fixing of the committee and the primary for the re-nomination of Rolla Wells for Mayor, the gallant young leader of the Democracy called upon Mr. Nelson W. McLeod to state whether he wouldn't stand for the World's Fair crowd's running things, and Mr. McLeod said he would. Then the boys were told that as this meant that Folk was with the World's Fair crowd, and the Police Board and the Election Board would be all right, everything was smooth and easy for Wells, who, by the way, was sorry for the mistakes he had made in his treatment of the boys. And so the World's Fair crowd is running things. Dr. Heine Marks' interview in last Friday's *Globe-Democrat* illuminates the meaning of Mr. McLeod's willingness to stand for the World's Fair crowd. His views upon the \$9,000,000 bond issue are interesting, especially as he is an intelligent and progressive member of the City Council. The bond issue is backed by millionaires in interest—by the Million Club in fact. It is a fair-seeming measure, but the support it is receiving is suspicious. But Dr. Marks' own language is best. He says:

"The ordinance carries no guarantee that the money will be expended for the improvements intended. Those set forth are principally the building of a new female hospital and insane asylum, a fire department headquarters, buildings for the courts, police headquarters and jail and health department, the improvement of King's Highway and parks. The ordinance provides that the municipal assembly, by subsequent action, can take the money apportioned for one building or improvement and apply it to another. For instance, the bill names \$2,000,000 for sewer improvements and \$2,000,000 for making a boulevard out of King's Highway. If the bonds should be voted, the assembly would have the power to kill the sewer improvements by leaving, say, \$10,000 for that purpose, and put the other \$1,990,000 on King's Highway, raising the allotment for this purpose to \$4,000,000. This is one of the suspicious uncertainties of the measure.

"The ordinance has an item naming \$500,000 for use in constructing and laying out parks. What park in St. Louis needs half a million dollars in improvements and where are the new public squares hinted at going to be? Surely the Exposition Company will carry out its pledge to restore Forest Park when the World's Fair site is vacated. Denuded of the fine trees of the old days, the World's Fair end of Forest Park promises to be an ideal spot for the man who likes to bask in the sunshine with the thermometer at 100 in the shade.

"This, of course, was unavoidable with the use of the park for the Fair, but a confiding public trusts that it is not going to be taxed to restore what may be left of the park's greatness by the Exposition. A downtown block which has been mentioned as a possible park site in the scheme for beautifying Union Station was purchased not long ago by one of the classic financiers. He is holding it as an investment, I presume, and numerous investments of this sort in property close to the City Hall are in the hands of men high in the councils of the high finance crew. These will be the available places for the new buildings if, by any chance, the bond issue should go through.

"This King's Highway \$2,000,000 appropriation is one of the most unfair propositions the taxpayers have ever been asked to shoulder. Why should property owners remote from King's Highway pay \$2,000,000 to make a Parisian boulevard out of this street? If a street elsewhere is to be improved the

adjacent property owners pay for it on the theory that they reap the benefit. The King's Highway property owners are asking the city to stand for improvements that will send the value of their holdings up to fancy prices. There is a certain syndicate owning a suburban addition which the boulevard will open up in fine style. To them it is worth thousands of dollars, and a very prominent St. Louisan owns a 600-acre farm near the boulevard right of way. With a \$2,000,000 boulevard the farm can be turned into city lots when the values go up, at big profits. These are a few of the points in the bond issue. There are others, and at every one of them the classic financier bobs up in the game."

All of which is interesting, and some of it, at least, significantly true. There is no doubt that the scheme of improvement contemplated, if carried out, will benefit immensely and immediately a number of members of the Big Cinch who are insisting upon the nomination and election of Wells. These Big Cinchers will "get theirs" first, whether the other citizens get anything later or not. But Dr. Marks goes on to explain what "standing for the World's Fair crowd" means:

"The ordinance provides for the purchase of new sites for extensions of the female hospital and insane asylum. The present sites of these institutions are the best in the city, with ample room for additions. This is another scheme to sell out to the city. Fifteen years ago two or three of the men who are actively promoting this bond issue wanted to lease sites for extensions for the female hospital and insane asylum on a six per cent a year basis. The deal failed to pass at the time, and I suppose they still have the sites waiting.

"The Wells administration missed an excellent chance to carry out its municipal lighting plant plank adopted four years ago in this bond issue. It could have included a \$300,000 appropriation to build a lighting plant in the ordinance and made good, whether it carried or not. It seems that it was no part of the plan of the promoters to relieve the city from the lighting monopoly and its contracts at exorbitant prices. This was deliberately passed up. The lighting monopoly must be protected."

There is no mistaking Dr. Marks' meaning. And no sane person in the community has any moral doubt that the schemes for personal or clique profit at which he hints are actually behind the civic patriotism of many of the so-called World's Fair crowd. It is strange, though, that Dr. Marks doesn't refer to the contracting company that is ready for organization among a number of Wellsite politicians to take up the task of eating up the bond money as soon as they can get the Wells ticket in control of things. The men who are planning the contracting company are leading in the forcing of the caucus ticket upon the people.

I don't believe that Mr. Wells knows or believes these things, for Mr. Wells is so stubbornly honest that, at times, he is a little stupid. He doesn't see, or at least, he hasn't seen, where, when, how and by whom he has been worked in the past, by smooth politicians and smooth World's Fair members of the Big Cinch. He doesn't see now that he is only a figure head for the politicians who hope to lengthen their political life under the protection of his respectability, or that the Big Cinch bunch is using his honesty as a cloak for their purpose to line their

own pockets at the expense of the citizens at large. Because Wells is decent, direct and honest, they want to get in behind him and fix it so that the greater part of the \$9,000,000 to be voted for public benefit shall be expended to their immediate profit. Mr. Wells is to be run on a platform of downing Ed. Butler, but the virtuous indignation against Butler is to be the cover under which the respectable and reputable Cinchers will sap and mine into the City Treasury. "Butler the Boodler" is to be the bugaboo to affright the populace, but while the populace hides in fear the Cinchers will grab everything in sight. That's what standing for the World's Fair crowd means at the present juncture.

And if the party under the quasi leadership of Mr. McLeod is to stand for the World's Fair crowd, why, the World's Fair crowd will stand for the defeat in the Legislature of the bill to repeal the Breeders' Law for the chief beneficiaries of which law Mr. McLeod's guide and mentor in city politics is the able and graceful and gracious political and legal representative. The race gambling, craps, roulette and general sure thing syndicate, the Vice Trust, the CAT, will contribute cash to help "down Butler." Is it wholly unfair to argue thus when we see that the chief newspaper apologist of the race gambling gang is also the chief advocate of the Dark Lantern ticket, selected at the Mercantile Club? The *Republic*, always, in the past, a clean paper, editorially pretends to favor the repeal of the Breeders' Law, but its utterances are always qualified to such a degree that the reader knows that the writer wants the Breeders' Law to stand unchanged. The *Republic* is for Wells and for the Breeders' Law as little changed as possible, but it froths at the mouth against Butler. The *Republic* hates the \$2,500 boodler, but it speaks softly of, or flagellates with feathers the gambling graft of over \$1,000,000 a year off race tracks, crap games and bucket shops, and it can't see such a thing as a \$9,000,000 grab by the Big Cinch. The *Republic*, with Mr. McLeod, Mr. Hawes and Cella-Adler-Tilles is "standing for the World's Fair crowd," and standing without being hitched. This is what we are getting in the name of civic pride and progress. This is what we are being asked to swallow in the name of civic righteousness—for the good if gelid Gov. Folk is in with the game, Mr. McLeod being the Gov. Folk's proxy in the deal.

Mr. Wells, I repeat, does not know or suspect this. He is being used, and he isn't even being used on the level. Those who are putting him forward do not believe he can be elected. They must know that the city is carried with difficulty by a united Democracy, and they know that Mr. Wells' nomination under his present control means a divided Democracy. They hope that, if Wells cannot be elected, some other man representing the World's Fair crowd will be elected on the Republican ticket. They want control of the situation, however the election may go. They don't hope to control Wells, with his knowledge, to their ends, but they do hope that in the event that he should be elected they could fool him, because of his intense veneration for the men who have money. Mr. Wells is probably the most intense believer in the wisdom and purity and integrity of mere wealth in this town. He is an honest plutocrat, and has faith in the class in which he has been reared. This very honesty of his is the most dangerous thing about him. It makes him an easy prey to the men of means who are identified in his mind as representative of the city's best interests, because their interests are great interests. Mr. Wells thinks that because the World's Fair crowd wants something

it must be all right. That crowd doesn't tell him what it really wants. Dr. Marks' interview should enlighten him, especially when taken in conjunction with the motives and interests of those urging his candidacy, whose activities are more directly and exclusively political than financial.

And finally, if Wells should win would Butler be downed? Hardly. How often and how long have Butler and Hawes combined when it was to their joint interest so to do? Who is closer to some of the strongest members of the Big Cinch than the man who has done their legislative fine work for years, and laid in his own dishonor the foundations of some of their fortunes—Edward Butler? I have been dabbling in politics here for twenty years, and have often assisted at the "downing of Butler," but he is generally found to come out strong in the camp of those who profess to loathe him. Butler will win if Wells wins. Butler is the right arm of the Big Cinch, and it can't throw him off. The men who want Wells—many of them—owe their political lives, their financial fortunes and their sacred honor to the work that was done for them by Butler and—"they come when he calls them hard." He elected Wells by main strength and fine work before. He stuffed through the last bond issue, and if I mistake not he is being sought for aid at this very hour to stuff both Rolla and the bond issue through again.



Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

WELLS
ON'T
IN.



The Strangle Hold

THE *Chronicle* says that criticism of the measure for a \$9,000,000 bond issue "comes in bad grace, owing to Dr. Heine Marks' failure of renomination." That's good. Since when has Dr. Marks failed of renomination? There is no nomination as yet for the City Council. Of course Mr. Harry B. Hawes, Mr. Nelson W. McLeod, Mr. Festus J. Wade, Mr. George J. Tansey and Mr. John F. Lee and the City Democratic committee picked out a ticket at the Mercantile Club the other evening, but is that a nomination? Does the *Chronicle* think a Dark Lantern caucus choice is a nomination? Are the gentlemen above who have picked a city ticket the whole Democratic party? They are nice gentlemen, but they are not the party, and their choice has not been ratified by any party meeting, nor do they intend that it shall be. They will jam it through at a fixed primary at which only the votes of their friends will be counted. The ticket may be as good as the gentlemen who selected it are good fellows, but the method of its selection is wrong. The party will not support a ticket foisted on it by secret caucus and carried through by a strangle-hold primary.



THERE'S so much smoke over World's Fair awards, there must be some fire. Senator Carter, of Montana, head of the National Commission, has hinted and insinuated on this subject long enough. It is time that he should come out in the open and give the facts of Fair fraud and graft, if he has any facts. The World's Fair crowd is plotting to grab the city for four years more, and now is the time for Senator

Carter to "blow the works" or forever hold his peace. The crookedness in the making of Fair awards should be shown up. A Congressional Committee might help to get the facts.



Insurance Upheaval

THAT flare up in the Equitable Insurance Company vindicates President Roosevelt's position that the National Government should regulate and supervise the insurance business. The companies have too much money belonging to the people, and are too close to the Wall street game to be safe. The insurance money has latterly kept the finance game going, and the promoters have been dipping into the people's hoard rather liberally. The insurance millions are but a source of supply for the stock-jobbers. A few men use hundreds of millions of dollars belonging to others without authority, and without question. The policy holders are voiceless, and their money is tied up in all sorts of schemes. The strong arm of the Government only is able to cope with the manipulators of the millions belonging to the insured, and to protect the innocent from the unscrupulous few. Wall street has been tapping the insurance wealth quite heavily and steadily, and Harriman has been caught trying to control the Equitable's funds, as Morgan was detected reaching out for those of the New York Life. Roosevelt is right on insurance regulation, and so is Tom Lawson, and the crooks who were stealing a march on the insurance reserve have been caught in the act in the exposure by Mr. Alexander of the Harriman offer to buy James Hazen Hyde's control of a \$100,000 corporation, paying 7 per cent dividend, but controlling \$478,000,000.



GIVE John Simon representation at the Democratic primary, and he will beat Wells for the Mayoralty nomination, four to one. But Wells will be stuffed and counted in by Mr. Hawes' committee and with the connivance of Holy Joe Folk, who slang-whangs us about purity of elections. Folk is a fake, as well as a fishy frost.



Ben Hur

GENERAL LEW WALLACE was not a great literary man, but he wrote one book that found the hearts and strengthened the souls of millions of his fellow men. To many, otherwise unreached, he brought home the Christ most really and vividly by means of a story of somewhat tawdry workmanship. If the book be not literature itself, it has been for many a leading up to literature. Therefore Gen. Wallace did a great work for the world mentally and spiritually, and his name deserves lasting and fragrant memory. His book may be forgotten, but its influence will survive in the lives it has touched to finer issues. "Ben Hur" will be to a second or third generation hence what "The Prince of the House of David" is to this, a dim remembrance of a stirring story. It will not be a classic, if we may pass judgment upon such a matter now, no more than will be the tremendously popular "Trilby" or is the once famous novel, "The Lamplighter," by Mrs. Cummins, but it served a mentally and spiritually developing purpose in its day, and will be part of the history of the time as a sign of the revolt against the sordidness of the close of the nineteenth and the beginning of the twentieth century.



Our Street Railways

THE North American Company has not yet gobbled up our street railways. Fact is, that the Brown

Brothers' crowd are right in holding on to the stock for par or thereabouts, and refusing to let go to the North American at their figures. There's nothing the matter with our street railways except that they have been over-financed, and in five years they should pay out handsomely, in all human probability. Furthermore, the North American Company is not the big concern we've been told it is. The street railways here are worth more than the North American, and the lesser cannot swallow the greater. Besides, the North American has been doing a great deal of four-flushing financiering, and its operations in Cincinnati in the street railway line were on the "piking" and "shaving" order. We ought to own our own street railways, either as a municipality first, or, secondly as St. Louis capitalists. The money is here, but St. Louis capitalists have cold feet on a big straight proposition, though they are easy marks for get-rich-quick schemes.

THE World's Fair crowd will do anything for the people of St. Louis—except get off their backs.

For the Driving Club's Track

Now that the restoration of that part of Forest Park which was occupied by the Fair is assured, the Exposition authorities, the city officials, or both, should see to it that the Gentlemen's Driving Club's track is re-established. For many years prior to the World's Fair the Driving Club had a one-half mile course in that section of the park, and its free matinee races every Saturday during the summer had become a source of pleasure and entertainment for thousands of St. Louisans. None but actual speed contests between trotters and pacers owned and driven by reputable St. Louis business men was indulged in, and gambling on the results was not permitted. In fact, there were no inducements to gamble. As there are a great many lovers of trotting and pacing horses in St. Louis, and as most of them are members of the Gentlemen's Driving Club, some arrangement should be made by the proper authorities to restore the old course, which was accessible to all. Perhaps it may be found feasible to set apart even a larger tract—that a mile course may be built. St. Louis needs such a course. Nearly all metropolitan cities have speedways or boulevards that are suitable for driving club performances, but St. Louis, having none, should do the next best thing by restoring the Driving Club's track in Forest Park.

Throwing the Hammer

MR. TONY STUEVER told L. F. Hammer, the present City Collector, it would be wise to join Col. Ed. Butler's Democratic Club, and be solid with both factions for renomination, the inference being that Hammer was already solid with the Hawes-Stuever faction. Mr. Hammer called on Stuever, and Stuever told him to subscribe \$500 to Butler's club. Mr. Hammer had hardly got his coat off upon returning to his office when in popped Col. Butler with a remark that Hammer ought to subscribe \$500 to Butler's club. Mr. Hammer subscribed. Then the time for the Hawes-Stuever slate-making came. The name of Hammer was left off the slate. He asked why. He was told "because he joined Butler's club." "But Stuever told me to do that," said Hammer. The reply was a laugh. Mr. Hammer called on Mr. Stuever, but Stuever couldn't remember the advice, and said that Hammer had been turned down because he kept two Republicans in office, and he (Stuever) hadn't been able to save him. Mr. Hammer was thus trapped into an act to justify his being shelved, notwithstand-

ing the fact that he has been the best Collector the city ever had. The real reason he was turned down was that he wouldn't guarantee Hawes the attorneyship and Stuever the head clerkship and the first assistant. The subscription to Butler's club was a fake excuse. Joe Spiegelhalter joined and subscribed to the Butler club, but Stuever nominated him for City Marshal in the caucus. A slick trick this of Hawes and Stuever upon Hammer, but a dirty one.

ROLLA WELLS couldn't keep Hiram Phillips off the caucus slate for President of the Board of Public Improvements. Hiram applied municipal ownership and operation to the garbage question. He leased an island in the river, dumped the city's slops on it, and bought a drove of hogs and a flock of sheep to eat up the slops. The hogs are to be fed to the inmates of the eleemosynary institutions, and the debris and detritus go back to the island as slops. The endless chain system of slop removal! Bee-e-e-a-u-utiful! Great engineer, Phillips. His slop scheme is pretty near perpetual motion.

Mr. Bartholdt and the Nobel Prize

INFORMATION from Washington is to the effect that a quiet movement is on foot in Congress to secure the Nobel prize for Richard Bartholdt, member of Congress from St. Louis. Representative Burton of Ohio, a member of the Interparliamentary Council, is heading the movement. Already a petition has been circulated which has the signatures of more than 200 members of Congress. The honor is one sought for Mr. Bartholdt because of his services in behalf of the international peace movement. The honor has never been conferred upon an American. There are five of the great Nobel prizes, and the one which his colleagues think should go to Mr. Bartholdt is worth \$35,000. The prize is known as the "peace prize," and is given "to the person who has done most or labored best for the cause of fraternity among different peoples, for the suppression or reduction of standing armies or for the promotion of peace congresses." The movement was started in Europe by friends, who believed Mr. Bartholdt's services for peace deserved international recognition. It is wonderful that we have heard little of this here, in Mr. Bartholdt's own town. I clip the information from the *New York Sun*. Mr. Bartholdt is a prophet without honor in his own country. His party is jealous of him and his national distinction, and his worth is belittled by those whom most it honors, those whom he serves in Congress. He is one of Missouri's too few national personages, adequately appreciated everywhere but here. He is a man who would make a good Senator, but he has no coin. He is a man who is "dangerous" because he has ideas. He is known all over the world, but ignored here. Politicians in Missouri are a small breed in both parties. Men like Bartholdt, Francis and Folk are national personalities. In Missouri they are underestimated. I don't say we should slobber over the gentlemen or hold them immune from criticism because they are Missourians, but I do say that we don't recognize them for their merit, as we should, aside from whatever faults they may have, not to our individual or partisan liking. We don't stand up for our own as they do in every other State and city in the Union. We seem to be meanly and miserably jealous of every man who emerges from the common ruck. This honor, which it is proposed shall be sought for Mr. Bartholdt is a great one, indeed, one of the greatest honors of the world, and there is not one of us that should not be proud and pleased that its bestowal

upon a fellow citizen is in contemplation. Mr. Bartholdt deserves the honor, and Missouri should back up his claim to it, since he has been most effective as a peace promoter, not only because of his official status as a member of the peace conference, but because of his personal influence for arbitration as the friend of Theodore Roosevelt and the German Emperor.

Leadership

How good it is to see the boys who roll up the big majorities in the Fourth ward indicted and arrested for their work and the people in whose behalf it was done keeping carefully away from the vicinity of their tools in the hour of trouble. How fine it was, also, to see the men who carried the primary against Folk unsupported by those who directed them in that coup, when they were up for trial. At least, it cannot be said that old Col. Butler, bad though he be, took to cover when his servitors in the boodle cases got into difficulty. He stood by them and cared for their families. But no leader who got the boys to do the work in the Fourth ward even offered as a bondsman when the indictments rained on that devoted bailiwick last week. There are leaders and—runners.

E. G. LEWIS' People's United States Bank is prolific of imitators. Most conspicuous among these is the Interstate Bank and Trust Company of Peoria, advertised in the *Chicago Interior* and other religious publications. This is not so dextrously or deftly worded a scheme as the People's United States Bank, but it is no ranker than the original "graft spiel" literature of the Lewis institution was before it became perfected. Lewis is to be the father of postal bank schemes as Arnold was the father of the turf agency get-rich-quick game that robbed the people of millions in 1903. Has Lewis fixed some one in the Post Office Department as Arnold and "Baldy" Ryan did Beavers, Machen, et al.?

A Coming Flood

THIS winter's heavy snow threatens us with a mighty flood next June. We are warned, but will we heed the warning. If we begin to take precautions now we may save millions upon millions of dollars in the early summer. The people along the Missouri and Mississippi Rivers should prepare against high water. The railroads should begin now to prevent the flooding of freight in East St. Louis and the cutting off of the city from the East for three or four weeks. But preparation will be postponed until the flood is upon us, and the city will suffer as in the past.

The Fighting Graft

MAYOR WELLS should fire Building Commissioner Smith. Mr. Smith is also secretary of Charlie Haughton's fighting club. A man named Capps started another club. Smith condemned the building in which the Capps club had quarters. Haughton and Smith, through a police pull, had Capps' fights stopped. The claim was made that the law was violated, but no warrant was issued. The Capps fights were arranged exactly as were the Haughton-Smith fights, which were never shut down by the police but once, and ran for two years wide open. Haughton and Smith seem to have had protection from certain police officials. Unable to run a club successfully themselves, they use their protection-pull to stop the other fights. Smith has been guilty of oppression and malfeasance in office in his attempt to help Haughton rule or ruin the fighting game. What

did the police officials get as rake-off on the Haughton-Smith fighting game with Tony Stuever, John Hopkins, Andy Blong and some one else in the background? Abolish the prize-fight graft!

❖❖

ALL the daily papers of this city are in receipt of hundreds of inquiries concerning the schemes of E. G. Lewis of the *Woman's Magazine*, his Development and Investment Company, his patent cork company, his World's Fair Guessing contest, his People's United States Bank. What answers do the great organs of publicity and honesty make to their subscribers? Are they gagged on the subject by the advertising given them by Cascarets Kramer, who is in cahoots with Lewis?

❖❖

Hold to the Chief

I HEAR that it is not so certain as it seemed a short time ago that Col. Matthew Kiely will be retained as Chief of Police. It is to be hoped that this is not true. Col. Kiely is a good chief, if he is allowed to be chief, and there will never be a good chief if he is hampered by the instructions of a Board designing to use the Police Department for the encouragement of criminality to the political profit of its membership. Col. Kiely should be retained in office and made chief in fact as in name. He and Mr. Desmond, the Chief of Detectives, are at the head of their class in the country, and the city will suffer through its deprivation of the services of either of them.

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THERE isn't quite as much fuss in the papers or so much talk on the streets about the Democrats who are opposing Wells as about those who favor that gentleman for Mayor, but "a fish lays more eggs than a hen, and doesn't cackle about it, either." In this case the eggs are the votes. Wells can't and won't win.

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Investigate the Lewis Scheme

THE State Bank Examiners should get busy and try to disentangle E. G. Lewis from the Lewis Publishing Company, the World's Fair Contest Company, the Development and Investment Company, the patent cork company, the name of which now eludes me, the University Heights Company and the People's United States Bank. They make a wonderful system of dove-tailed concerns all doing business one with another, and each nothing more than a fiction standing for E. G. Lewis. They are all based upon doing business on other people's money, and they are all exploited on hot-air literature. The protean Mr. Lewis should be investigated by both the National and State authorities. He must have at least two million dollars of the people's money tied up in his schemes, and so far as can be made out from his published statements, the public has very little prospect of getting it back. His offers of profits and benefits are amazing, and so far as concerns the methods by which those profits are to be made, as he explains them, it is only to be said that they seem to partake of the nature of a conjuror's trick. Thousands of people have been led to invest in Lewis' schemes upon the strength of advertisements that are uniquely vague in all but promises and "con talk." Mr. Lewis' printed explanations are copious, but they only ink the water after the manner of the exudations of the pursued cuttle fish. The more he explains the less clear it is what he means to convey to the public. Lewis appears to believe in himself all right enough, but at that he may be a false god. The

public should be protected from all schemes that look like crazy finance, and Lewis' enterprises certainly wear that aspect to anyone who studies them out and notes how his method is largely a hastening of the coin inward to himself and a postponement of its outflow. He seems a many handed person, each hand washing the other. Mr. Lewis should be protected from himself, for some of his undertakings point the way towards either the foolish house or the "stir," if they cannot be reduced to demonstrably sane business terms.

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THE great corporations trembled before a bill in the State Senate to tax them $2\frac{1}{2}$ cents upon each one thousand dollars of capital stock for a fund to build good roads in the country. The bill was beaten, but it wouldn't have been had it not been for Senator Tom Kinney, of St. Louis, who spiked it as unconstitutional special legislation. A pretty good brand of brains is discovered frequently in the slum wards, and a politician may have statesmanlike perceptions, even if he does keep a saloon. St. Louis hasn't an intelligent friend at Jefferson City, but two—Folk and Kinney. And Folk is thinking less of the city than of himself.

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Rockefeller on the Grill

STANDARD OIL appears to be up against the real thing, and up against it hard. Roosevelt is the real thing. The making common carriers of all the pipe lines is a movement that will spread. Actions against the company for restraint of trade and violation of the interstate commerce and other laws have shaken the self-reliance of the great Trust, and its stock is dropping on the markets. The railroads, frightened, are talking of cutting rebates, by which the Standard undersold and shut out rivals. Lawson's hammering of the system has caused rupture in its councils, and Miss Tarbell's "History of Standard Oil" has soaked into the public mind. Some of the financiers Rockefeller has "done up" are getting even, and Lawson's dope came right out of the Standard Oil main office. It is a fight on Rockefeller from the heart of the concern. All of which combines to make the psychological moment for Roosevelt to strike and to get after Standard Oil. Kansas leads the fight in the matter of making pipe lines common carriers under the law, and all the States will follow suit. The Standard is in for the fight that will eventually end its supremacy, for the outside world is solid against it, and the ammunition and a draft of all its plans are furnished from the innermost shrine of the System at 26 Broadway, New York City.

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THE lid's on the town, eh? But Sippy, of the syndicate, still has a few crap games going. And what's the game near the furnace room in the City Hall?

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The Reign of the Bomb.

ASSASSINATION is again the foolish hope of Russian patriots. Grand Duke Sergius is the latest prey of their deadly weapon. He was their most hated enemy. To them he represented all that was despicable and despotic. They regarded him as a tyrant and thief and he retaliated with fine contempt. He has been blown into eternity, but it is plain to be seen that the cause of patriotism has not and cannot prosper by the deed. What he represented, Bureaucracy and Orthodoxy, still live and they cannot be wiped out by one dozen or an hundred assassinations. Nothing but honest revolution in the

open can accomplish their destruction and right the wrongs of the Muscovites. But one good may come of the reign of the Terrorists and the destruction of Sergius; it may end the bloody war that for more than a year has been waging in Manchuria and in which more than 100,000 lives have been sacrificed. The making of peace seems imperative if the Romanoffs are to find the means to quiet the rebellious spirit at home and protect their dynasty. Indeed it seems that even now the trembling Russian Czar and his dukes are considering the terms that will end the war, practically prisoners within their own castles.

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THE MIRROR was misled into the statement that Miss Lucy Hosmer Stoughton, society editor of the *Republic*, is the local correspondent of *Town Topics* and the *Washington Mirror*. Neither is Miss Stoughton responsible for the MIRROR's own "Blue Jay's Chatter."

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The Theatrical Trust

A GREAT many people in this country think that the public has no interest in the war against the Theatrical Trust now waging in New York. They think that at the worst, the Trust may only be regarded as an evil in that it may oppress the actors who are at its mercy. But the people are mistaken. The Theatrical Trust touches the public very closely through its "exclusive control of the bookings" in all the cities. The New York *Dramatic Mirror*, discussing this feature of contracts between theater managers in the smaller cities and the Theatrical Trust, says that even to those only superficially familiar with the duties of the manager of a theater under normal conditions the perfunctory—or, rather, the phantomic—function left to such a person after he has turned over his right to select attractions for his theater to other and outside parties is apparent. The title of "janitor," which has been bestowed upon the manager of a theater which really is managed by some one else, is quite appropriate. Such a "manager," indeed, is privileged to see that the house is kept warm enough in winter and cool enough in summer for his patrons, and that the lighting plant operates to satisfaction; and he may give orders, probably, to underlings with details of minor administration to look after, but so far as his public is concerned he is powerless to give them the actors or plays they desire, or to keep from them the actors or plays they do not care for. He is, in fact, to all the intents and purposes of real management, a mere figurehead, although in the natural workings of the "system" of which he is one of the victims his troubles may be multiplied, with no redress for him or for those between whom and that "system" he must act as a patient buffer. In St. Louis, for instance, the managers of the theaters have no selection of the attractions. They take what they are given, and are content, just as the St. Louis public must be content with what is offered them. The public is not catered to in each city by the manager who lives in its midst and knows its tastes and sentiments, and the times and seasons in which certain "stars" or attractions are most acceptable to that public. The shows are sent out when, where and how the syndicate in New York wishes, and the bookings are not made far in advance, as used to be the case when at the beginning of a season the attractions for every week of that season were published in the papers. Now we are told that we shall see all the principal attractions during the season. Maybe we see them, and maybe we don't. We certainly don't, if it is to the inter-

est of the Trust to keep the attractions in New York city. The public is entirely a secondary consideration with the Trust, and it suffers even more in the long run than the superseded local managers, the traveling managers who are ordered about without consultation, the actors and actresses who are held in vassalage, even if that vassalage be splendid, the actors, actresses and managers who are barred from Trust controlled theaters. For the final incidence of the troubles of all the persons between the public and the syndicate is upon the people. They "get it" in the shape of poor shows, number three companies, and three year old attractions, and whenever a good show comes along, an increased price of admission, with the establishment of which the local manager has nothing to do. Because of all this, the public is, and should be, interested in the statement that Attorney General Moody is to look into the Theatrical Trust. The Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle* puts the case well when it says that while it is true that the Theatrical Trust is but a very small affair, compared with the great industrial trusts, it is also true that it does not, like the beef trust, stand between the people and a material necessity of life. But "man does not live by bread alone," and it is no trivial matter that the craving of the whole people for recreation should be scientifically exploited, by advanced monopolistic methods, for the exclusive pecuniary benefit of half a dozen individuals. It is no wonder then that when Mr. Metcalfe the New York *Life* critic, recently excluded from the syndicate theaters of New York, because of his alleged Hebraophobic comment upon their management, pleads in the *North American Review* for a national theater with a subsidy, or endowment, of \$6,000,000, the scheme is favorably commented upon in that portion of the press most ferociously opposed to socialism and all its works and pomps, although such a theater would not at all check whatever evils grow out of the syndicate control of the drama. It might elevate dramatic art to a great extent. In fact, there is no doubt that it would, but the plan would not obviate the evils of the business control of all the attractions outside of the company playing in the endowed National Theater.

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An effort is being made to jam through the Legislature Senate Bill No. 269. It authorizes a consolidation of telephone companies. It is backed, it is understood, by the Kinloch company or its representatives. Among them is Mr. Breckenridge Jones. Stock in little telephone companies in Missouri should go up. This bill will bear watching.

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All the big advertising concerns are back in the *Post-Dispatch* after their hold out against an increased rate. They are also in the *Star* to a greater extent than ever before. They are also using the *Chronicle* more than they did. The advertisers, fighting the *Post-Dispatch*, only expanded their advertising accounts. It was like a cat fight. Result: More cats. But the total result is good. All the papers get more advertising. All the advertisers get more business. The public gets more benefit from the greater choice between competing advertisers. The MIRROR congratulates them all.

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Cops, Coin and Politics.

THE question now "before the house" is: What have the police to show for all the thousands of dollars they have invested in political campaigns in the

last seven years, or since Harry B. Hawes became St. Louis Democracy's leader? They haven't even got a cinch on their jobs and they have been compelled, by failure of their own party to grant them a State pension law, to establish a Relief Fund out of

their own salaries. All they seem to have received from their "friends" is the "equine ha ha," although some have learned the lesson of practical politics and a few have acquired a taste for the tributes of vice—scads and sparks.

\$425,000 To Stop Breeders' Law Repeal

By Callaway Dade

AN attempt having been made to hide the bill for the repeal of the Breeders' Law, the press has smoked it out and put in on its way to passage in the House of Representatives. It will pass there. But its fate in the Senate is doubtful.

The MIRROR has had made a poll of the State Senate upon the bill for the repeal of the Breeders' Law. This vote is "handicapped" in the light of the action of the Senators upon other legislation, by reference to their relations with Gov. Folk, by consideration of their personal proclivities, by analysis of the influences closest to them in their respective districts.

Those who will vote for the repeal are: Senators Avery, Bradley, Brown, Clark, De Vilbiss, Dickinson, Fields, Frisby, Hicks, McDavid, McNatt, Vories, Young. Total, 13.

Those who will vote against repeal are: Senators Baumann, Buchanan, Frank H. Farris, Gardner, Kinnealy, Morton, Nelson, Sartorius. Total, 8.

Those who are doubtful, but will probably vote for repeal on a showdown are: Senators Dowell, Ely, Joseph I. Farris, Humphrey. Total, 4.

Those who are doubtful, but will probably vote against repeal are: Senators Gilmore, Kinney, McAllister, McIndoe, Walker. Total, 5.

Those marked doubtful without any leaning whatever are: Senators Curry, Peck, Reichmann, Wannall. Total, 4.

The doubtful give a good field for working on for or against the bill. The probabilities "yes" and "no," if counted according to the probabilities on the line up, would give the vote as 17 for repeal and 13 against repeal. The remaining four would be hard fought for. The friends of repeal need one vote for a majority. The opponents of repeal need the

four doubtfuls, and the President of the Senate to win.

Of the thirteen votes clearly for repeal nine are Democratic. Of the eight votes clearly against repeal six are Democratic. Of the doubtful likely to vote yes all are Democratic. Of the doubtful likely to vote no all are Democratic. Of those simply doubtful but one is Democratic.

The narrowness of the margin in the Senate on this bill is sufficient to account for the tactics resorted to in order to delay it in the House. The friends of the gambling game are afraid that they can't hold those who would like to serve them when the press and the preachers begin hammering upon the law, and when Folk begins to bring his influence as Governor to bear.

But the Cella-Adler-Tilles syndicate is sure of 17 votes—enough to defeat the repeal.

The story of its sureness is that it is sure of the votes, because it has paid for them.

The story goes that the price paid was \$425,000.

This is \$25,000 per vote.

At first, the story goes, the Cella-Adler-Tilles syndicate offered \$20,000 a vote. The man with whom they dealt insisted, so the story goes, on \$25,000 or the bill would be passed.

Who handled the deal for the Senators is not disclosed in the story. Some say it was a member at once daring and wily, who has had such experience before.

That \$425,000 is a big sum is true, but two years of racing, with a profit of \$1,500,000 per year is worth it.

This is the place for the use of the alleged secret service maintained by Gov. Folk at the capital—that is, if he does maintain such a thing.

Blue Jay's Chatter

My Dear Jenny Wren:

WELL, I went to the Edgar Tilton's musical the other evening in West Pine boulevard and was ravished of eye and ear, for the decorations of the house were up with the music, and the supper—well, I'm sure some of their guests will steal their cook in a week. Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Stanard sang and they fairly bewitched us all. The Stanard money is a little better than any other that I know of. All money talks, but the Stanard money sings. The *Globe-Democrat's* society column, in a descriptive outburst rare in that department says that after the supper "the remainder of the evening was spent in social conversation." How unique! Who ever before heard of social conversation? Mr. Tilton was charmed. He told me that what especially delighted him was that all the evening no one said to him he or she hoped

that his father-in-law, E. O. Stanard, the dusty miller, and millinaire— isn't that awful?—would make a good compromise Senator. Mrs. Halsey C. Ives sang too. She sings better than her hubby paints. Mrs. Ives was a Lackland, my dear, but you'd never know it from anything she says. I'm sure I couldn't be as modest as she, if some day I was sure to inherit a large chunk of the Boatmen's bank.

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'Twas at the Tiltons' party I heard a harrowing tale of a young society man, who was held up near his home, and was robbed and beaten by thugs one night a short time ago. His wife sympathized with him deeply and was inconsolable until her maid broke silence and told how another maid in the neighborhood had told of a man who had approached her on the street and chucked her under the chin and asked her to go down town with him some evening and he'd

show her something she never saw before. The wife didn't see what that had to do with the case, but the maid told how the other maid had told some of her men friends "over in the Patch," and they laid for the man and slugged him good and hard, and it all occurred at the very spot and on the very evening that the young society husband had been assaulted. I didn't get the names, at least I'm not sure I got them right, but I only tell the tale to show what strong reason there is for the prevailing ugliness of maid-servants in the West End. Isn't it awful for a woman to think that when she's away from home her hubby may have her next door neighbor's maid out in the woman's own purple-lined brougham on a lark at the Delmonico, or the chicken farm. And this reminds me that Chouteau Scott, who married Adele Keller, was the victim of highwaymen one night about two weeks ago, and was slightly injured. He put up quite a fight with the roughs, I'm told, and sent them off in worse shape than he himself. They didn't get his money, which Edwin Lemp says is the most remarkable thing about the occurrence, since "anybody can get Chout's money."

That Kitty Bonties, who is to marry Paul Brown, Jr., isn't very well known, but where she is known she's very well liked and the people who used to ask who she is are now glad to claim acquaintance with her. She's not at all overcome by her happiness, but is simply and frankly receiving her congratulations without taking their effusiveness too seriously. Young Brown is a good sort with a fad for horsemanship, which is in itself a commendation. He is in business, I believe, with Billy Grayson, something to do with high finance and is somewhat successful, because of Brown, Sr.'s backing of the enterprise. Kitty's pretty and Paul isn't an Antinous by any means, but I'm told it's a love match *pur sang*. I like young Brown the more because I know some people who don't like him. That junior Van Blarcom is still a terror of the boulevard with his automobile. The way he scorches leads me to think that the Van Blarcom *pere* has repaired the fortunes that were shattered in the Mexican Central speculation. He's still in the Bank of Commerce, but with the soft pedal on him muchly, and his "side" has been considerably put off. His being "up against it" has toned him down to everybody's joy, but everybody was sorry for Mrs. Van Blarcom, who has never been the least bit snobbish, but is kind and sweet to everybody. I do hope the boy will take more after his mother in the future. Jane, I'm prepared for the news of any retribution on that Bank of Commerce crowd, for the way they chiseled dear old Anak Edwin Harrison out of his Granite Mountain stock years ago. He was in bad on his iron business and wanted money. He put up his mining stock to secure loans from that crowd. They took the stock and told him to go ahead and develop his business as he wished and they'd stand by him. He went ahead and incurred a lot of debt and then when he called for the money he'd every right to expect they turned him down and kept all his stock and its earnings were the foundation of the bank's fortunes. Mr. Harrison, it seems, was deliberately "done," for the bank had information about the mine that showed his stock was worth much more than he thought it was. I don't think that any success based upon any such skin game as that can last. Still, Van Blarcom, isn't yet down and out, and maybe retribution isn't due, but it's a great thing when you've made an error of financial judgment to have a national bank behind you, to help you win out on other speculations. That's

the beauty of banking—you operate on other people's money. Though Van has sort of got on his feet, I hear that Clay Pierce was horribly hard hit in the same deal and is now engaged in retrenchment and reform, and I never hear at all of the Eben Richards.

I told you that this town had been made "fast" by the World's Fair. Well, my dear, you'd think so, if you'd seen what I saw, a fine looking and fairly well known matron at Hot Springs carrying on outrageously with a handsome, boyish, fresh looking St. Louis gambler interested in one of the big sporting clubs at the Arkansas spa. Then when she left for home he went home, too, and they dined together at McTague's. "Jimmie," the gambler, is good looking and clever in his profesh, but what caught the matron was his money. He's worth about \$300,000 and doesn't mind spending it. He likes to buy jewelry, drop diamonds and such and give them away, and last season he gave a Chicago widow a giant automobile and staked her one night after she had rolled away \$9,000 in about half an hour at roulette in the Arkansaw Club, where "Jimmie" is a partner—and is well liked for his mild, innocent Irish eye and his voice is soft and low. Strange how the gay gambler always fascinates women, isn't it? But have you ever noticed that this never occurs when the gay gambler is broke? But the *naïve* Jimmie of the Arkansaw Club, is a long way from broke and is not likely soon to get there—not if he's allowed to throw the dice, for he's said to be the champion crap-shooter of the world. You used to see him, Jane, with the Chicago widow, at the Deutsche Haus at the Fair last summer drinking Clos Vougeot at \$18 per bottle.

I told you about my joining the Wednesday Club. Well, now I'm going in for Civic Improvement. I couldn't help it. That Mrs. Louis Marion McCall, who lives in that little dove-cot house, next to the Lindsays on Lindell boulevard, who's always so spick and span in her tailor-mades and is always charmingly active in children's playground affairs, Unitarian church work, entertaining publicist profes-

A Soul's Victory

By W. H. Savile

TOO long he strove to parley with the foe;
Each morrow brought the shadowy legions
back,

Each setting sun beheld his force laid low,
Borne down by their confederate attack.
Around the citadel from day to day
Those watchful troops in deadly ambush lay.

Till from a life of smooth, inglorious ease
He plunged into the world of men and things,
And as the vessel on the open seas
Leaps to the gale that round him seethes and sings,
Forth on each fresh, glad enterprise he fared,
And toiled and served, and sowed and reaped and
dared.

With eyes unveiled he saw God's earth afresh,—
Love without lust and Beauty without stain.
And lo! the phantoms that allured the flesh
Lay silent in the darkness, crushed and slain.
Like Pharaoh's hosts upon the Red Sea shore;
And his own soul was his for evermore.

sors from the Chicago University and propagandists of the City Beautiful—she got me into it. She's tremendously up on all that sort of thing, reads papers that bristle with fact and argument and gets up and talks offhand with a kind of diffidence that makes her more persuasive. She's not new womanish at all, in the ordinary sense, and is in fact, rather prudish, for one so terribly up-to-date and practical, and I'm going to the Civic Improvement dinner with her at the Buckingham and learn how to make the City Beautiful. I was going home from her house the other evening and we were talking City Beautiful a-mile-a-minute, and as we walked down the boulevard, I said to my friend, a well known artist, "What would you do first to make St. Louis a beautiful city?" and he replied, "I'd blow up the St. Louis Club building with dynamite and lynch the architect." I quite agree with him, don't you—but then isn't it true that a club has about as artistic a home as its membership deserves, just as we have the government we deserve?

I met Walter Cerre Taylor, the other day, and he was in delight. He had just heard good news. You know Walter is literary and his Uncle Sam Cupples is very fond and proud of him. Well, Walter was just crazy over the World's Fair and all thereunto appertaining, and what was his dismay some time since to behold in the papers letters and articles signed Walter C. Taylor, in which the World's Fair and all the people and things immediately or remotely connected therewith were scoffed and chortled at. This was worse than Kaiser Wilhelm's *majestatsbeleidigung* and Walter Cerre Taylor found himself suspect and attaint of treason. He was in a terrible pickle and he investigated the newspaper offices and found that the articles and letters were written by a rapsallion named Walter C. Taylor, who was editor of the *Shoe and Leather Gazette*. Think of it. Walter C. Taylor, the Walter C. Taylor was vindicated, and a short time afterwards it was announced that the other Walter C. Taylor was to leave the *Shoe and Leather Gazette* and go back to Columbus, Ohio. It was this departure of the Shoe and Leather Taylor that gave joy to the soul of Walter Cerre Taylor, who as a representative of the oldest old families, the Cerres and the Taylors, couldn't recognize Shoe and Leather literature. Mr. Walter Cerre Taylor draws the line in trade at Mellier's perfumes and Cupples' woodenware. But I'm glad that he's to lose his intellectual doppelganger, for if they ever met I fear the effect upon either or both of them would have been as fatal as usually proceeds from dreeing one's weird.

It may be that I shall have soon to chronicle a story that will awaken the town. It pertains to a young member of the University Club who has been paying devoted attention to pretty Maud Marion Love of the Odeon Stock Company. The show is only a couple of blocks from the club, and the theater is quite a resort for the young bloods of the West End, as indeed of all sort of people, for Grand avenue is now pretty nearly the center of the city, and no one goes down town except on business, especially after dark. Well, this young clubman became smitten with Miss Love's personality and art, and has been most devoted in his attentions. She is pretty, and has charming little ways, for you know she has had her fling in the best society in Washington, and she not only talks well, but writes well. She was just too sweet the other evening as she sat dining with him at the Colonial. She had on nothing striking but a white waist, with a few little touches of black

and a black hat, and the way he hung on her words was a caution. It looks like a clear case, and I don't blame him, even if she is an actress. I don't see why she shouldn't make a hit in society as Grace Van Studdiford did. Maud Love hasn't been long on the stage, and hasn't yet become fully Bohemian, for as she dines at one table her maid is always off in a corner at another, having a case with the headwaiter, and keeping a duenna's eye upon her mistress. The young University clubman's friends are much concerned for him, though I should say that the lady is his equal and more in family and blood and brains.

There's another girl in the Odeon stock who excites much interest, Zoe Akins. She's a daughter of Chairman Akins of the Republican State Central Committee, United States sub-treasurer, and the man who they say "did up" Dick Kerens for the Senatorship. He's a banker, and a friend of the President, and he is to be in the head set at the inauguration. Well, this Zoe Akins is the wierdest girl. She affects dresses very simple and severe, and won't wear plumes in her hats. She is preternaturally bright, a sort of blend of Marie Bashkirtseff, Sonya Kovalevsky and Mary MacLane. She writes exquisite impressionistic verse, and has the oddest views upon things. She's very young, but is as wise as a centennarian, and girlish withal. She is up on music, and art, and is, in brief, an Admirable Crichtoness. I haven't said she's beautiful, but she is at times, and is always interesting, with a slight suggestion of pose. She is doing small parts in the stock, and doing them with a queer, willful twist of her own that marks them strongly. You've possibly heard of her, or read of her as the school friend of Ruth Bryan, daughter of the also-ran candidate for President, who married that middle-aged artist, Leavitt, against papa's wish. Zoe is supposed, generally, to be heart-whole, and fancy free, but I have it on good authority that she is soon to go off the hooks with a young man who, as I write, is in New York City. I'm sorry for this, for I think she's too bright to be happy, but then, you never can tell. She ought to make a name for herself, for she is chuck full of originality, which will be all the more attractive when she comes out of her present very pronounced adolescence. I mentioned Ruth Bryan Leavitt just above. Well, she's a mother now, and papa has forgiven her. It must have been a hard strain on the boy orator, because, from all I can hear, Leavitt is a punk artist, and rather a "stuff," generally speaking, not nearly so much of the real thing as the vivacious and vivid Ruth.

Mrs. William H. Crane, the wife of that fine old boy and sterling actor, William H. Crane, has been very ill, so much so that the famous histrion has been much worried about her. Mr. Crane, with that clever Mr. Charles Hawtrey, was the guest at a very fine dinner of that Adonisian Harry Hawes, last Friday evening, and they do say that it was the greatest intellectual feast of the year, throwing all the World's Fair feeds into the shade. Hawtrey and Hawes made a team for looks and wit, and our Chauncey Depew, Unser Fritz Lehmann, was particularly happy in his toastmastering. The banquet didn't break up till daylight, and when one of the feasters got home he was upbraided therefor, but he told his wife a story that Mr. Crane told about himself and Mr. Hawes in London, and she laughed so that she had to forgive him, even while she rebelled against assisting him out of his vest. She told me the story. I'll tell it you, later. It's awfully good—but I must treat it like the tale that the old man was always going to tell *Elfride*

Swancourt, in Thomas Hardy's novel, "A Pair of Blue Eyes."

Talking about handsome men like Hawtrey and Hawes prompts me to say that the most interesting looking man in St. Louis is Will R. Donaldson. He has white hair and a pink skin, and dresses with a sort of old-fashioned elegance, touched always with some color. He isn't a society man exactly, though he has a beautiful home on Lindell boulevard, and his wife is a *grande dame*. She was a daughter of Thomas Allen, who owned the Iron Mountain road, built the Southern Hotel, transported the first locomotive over the Mississippi River on the ice, and left a great big fortune. He has a fine son and a married daughter. His hobby is the classics. Also he travels much and collects gems and curios, and wears the queerest, almost barbaric rings. He has a pose, too, as all men worth a snap have. He's an ultra-Democrat, and his views sound very odd, coming from such an exquisite. I saw him the other evening with four men, like himself, who may be classed with our elderly men of distinction—Judge Chester Krum, Judge Shepard Barclay and W. B. Thompson. They'd been to dinner, and were fencing with Latin quotations. Judge Barclay, who is sixty or more, was punning atrociously, and reciting poetry in the intervals, while Judge Krum was in a merry mood of anecdote, and was corruscating flashes of that frosty fire which comes from him so gracefully. He's perfect in evening clothes, is Judge Krum, and never happier than when dining out with his bright and fascinating daughter. They're a fine bunch of elderly bucks, and they had all been at a dinner at which the *piece de resistance* was a clever Briton named C. Berney Brown, whom Mr. Donaldson had met in Moscow. Judge Bond, it seems, lent dignity to the event, and Charlie Bates was the young beau of the occasion, while Tom Skinker, senior, disported himself gaily. Mr. Thompson, who is the father of that pretty Camilla, who married Townsend Martin, of the Bradley-Martin family, with the Earl of Craven attachment, some years ago, made a splendid antagonist at fence with all these others, and was particularly happy when he declared that if Judge Krum had stayed on the Circuit Bench instead of resigning years ago, he would to-day be on the Supreme bench of the United States. All these men, it seems, were young men here together, I won't say how many years ago, and they represent the mellower traditions of St. Louis society. There is one man who should have been in the group, Frank L. Ridgeley. He's another of a vanishing type, an artistic viveur. He loves the art of life. He dotes on music, pictures, the drama, and I never meet him that he hasn't some new piece of rare and curious jeweler's work to show me, and some interesting story to tell me of the belles and beaux of the old days. Then, too, he sings very prettily himself, though I must say he has been appreciably saddened since the terrible self-slaughter of his affable son-in-law, Allan Simpkins, some months ago. I'm just foolishness about those old timers, and that reminds me that your old friend, Capt. Corkery, has grown a dozen years younger through sheer delight in the hit made here by Florence Kelly, the *chic* granddaughter of Mrs. Don Morrison, of whose doings I wrote you earlier in the season. Sprightly Florence goes home next week to New York, and grandmamma goes with her. I'll bet you that Mrs. Morrison makes the Gothamites sit up, for there's nothing in that town's swelledom that's any better in the grand manner and in the line of impressive *au fait-ness* that can touch her in the least. I don't

know, I'm sure, what Capt. Corkery and George Loker will do when Mrs. Morrison is gone. Capt. Corkery will be specially lonely, for he will have nothing to interest him, since Minnie Busch has gone to California with her father, Emperor Adolphus, though he may undertake to look after the social interests of Peter Busch, who is back from Palm Beach, and denying that he is engaged to a California beauty of one of the old Nob Hill families. Peter blew in to the Buckingham the other evening, and was asked to join some friends at table in a glass of wine. A chappie quoted "good wine needs no bush," when Peter declined, but Peter came right back with "a good Busch needs no wine—I'll take Budweiser," turning the point happily, and at the same time giving a boost to the family brew.

Chattering away about all those elderly married beaux, among whom, of course, I should have included Capt. Peugeot, who is still devoted to all the ladies, I get to ruminating upon bachelors, of whom you always like to hear. And so, when the other evening I saw Cliff Allen and his bride at the theater, looking happy as clams at high tide, I thought to myself that his marriage and all the others recently haven't much thinned the bachelor ranks. I do shamedly believe that there are more well-to-do unmarried men, all nice, unattached and fairly good looking, than there are rich widows in St. Louis. I often wonder what the last census shows in this respect. It's a fair bet, I should say, that we must be a long ways ahead of any other city in the Union. Its appalling how many of our bachelors are rich and of heavy import in business and public affairs. Take Robert Brookings for a starter. Our prize bachelor belongs to the possibilities as regards matrimony, having just bought a fancy World's Fair pavilion for a summer home, although he owns houses all over the county and has a scrumptious city mansion out near the park—a veritable palace, which knows not the regulating touch of any gentlewoman's hand, or of any woman's gentle hand. It's a great pity, for he's a very handsome man, if just a trifle too meticulous in manner, and a credit to society, for he is social in his tastes and generous to a fault. All the old ladies have been picking out a wife for him for years and saying that he ought to marry Miss Marian Lindsay or Miss Mary Lionberger, either of whom would, make him, or any man, a fine wife and uphold the Brookings dignity, to say nothing of reinforcing it with graciousness and vigorous mentality. They say that he's shy and has never had the nerve to invite a lady to share his wealth. Mr. Brookings is wedded now to Washington University to which he and Sam Cupples gave all the big Cupples' Station property. It was great philanthropy, also a neat trick upon the State, since the gift relieved the property of all taxation. Mr. Brookings is lonely in his bachelorhood, since Ike Hedges married Miss Huse and for all his wealth and importance he is almost a recluse.

There's Semple Ames, who owns the St. Nicholas Hotel, or the largest part of it, who's very rich, and intends that the hostelry shall be made the popular resort for the ultra swells of home and abroad, though quiet and domestic, and a child could lead him. He's sound in wind and limb and good-looking. Then, too, he likes a good, quiet dinner and a good play. He's a most dutiful son and escorts his mother often and always attentively. He's no misogynist, but enjoys ladies' society if they aren't the butterfly kind. It's a sin and a shame he hasn't been captured

long before. It's a duty he owes to the community to pick out a fine, handsome girl like, let us say, Rita Maxon and make her happy. Mr. John F. Lee is by no means hopeless on the matrimony subject. I think he'd marry if he found a congenial spirit, for he is wealthy, cultured, and is a splendid entertainer. His nieces, brother William's daughters, actually adore him and he is generally liked for his generous and gentle disposition. Besides being a shining legal light, he was Jim Campbell's choice for Mayor this time, but wouldn't run, being loyal to Rolla Wells, and sat up all several nights to put Rolla through with the politicians, until when he showed up at the St. Louis Club, he was talking "dis" and "dat" and "dem" and "dose." Any woman would be proud of him. I think he should select a widow, demure and not too dressy. He has a big field of choice right here at home, but he travels so much, I am afraid he will bring back a stranger some day, and so cheat a St. Louis woman out of a good thing. Henry T. Kent is in the same class with Lee but is more general in his attentions. He goes pompously forth in a frock coat every Sunday and calls on everybody. I think he is determined to take the step this spring and rumor has it that he has already made up his mind concerning the lady. And the lady is said to be a widow of distinction and even of note. I shan't mention her name, because she's had overmuch of unhappy mention of late—and besides, I'm not sure. Charlie Wiggins is another bachelor generally beloved by society, who has apparently lost heart since some of his best girls married—Edith Collins, Florence West, Ella Cochran—and has taken to long travels. He, too, is rich and very social and likes the whirl of balls and is devoted to the Apollo Club and to music in general. I have an idea he may choose a debutante some day and surprise us all, but in society they think anybody is honored by his attention. Clarence Hoblitzelle is young in the bachelor class, but, acting on my tip, Jane, last Sunday's *Post-Dispatch* came out strong for him as our biggest social dictator and pictured him almost life size, surrounded by girls, and gave his views on society in general. Much of what is quoted as coming from him he didn't say, because he couldn't, but whoever invented it for him, did well in adhering to respectable platitudinosity, such as that St. Louis reminded him of Philadelphia. I don't believe we quite deserve that, Jane. Clarence is all right, though, and I don't believe he will marry very soon, now this society arbiter business is on deck. All I'm afraid of is that the celebrity he has been getting will give him megaloccephalitis. I hope not, but we must wait and watch. That's all.

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Nothing, however, disturbs the old guard. With the Kennetts, three or four of them, all well-off, all eminently qualified to head households, especially Luther, and every last one a bachelor—devoted to their clubs—and Will Eames, one of the country's great architects passed over because Ike Taylor had a pull with "Red Bill"; Baron Willie Haarstick, and the two sons of Doctor Holland, holding the fort of singleness, we may well despair. Harry Hayward is invincible. He must be away as he is not visible to the naked eye this winter. They used to say he would marry, but it begins to look hopeless. He's a fine fellow and of polished manners, and he's a success with the girls when he can be led up to 'em. Park Hammer is very particular. Any old girl won't do. He likes beauty and lots of style. He is an immaculate dresser and was for a long time the only man in town who wore white gloves to the theater, and

when he applauded, the chalk with which they were cleaned blew out in clouds. I wish he'd marry Minnie Scott. They'd make a fine looking couple. Bob Bain of the steamship company, is quite rich and too nice to settle down without a chatelaine in his big house. But he's bent on nothing so much as monopolizing the booking of the St. Louis swells for their European trips. Albert Blair, a pronounced Southerner of literary tastes and a great friend of the Lanes and the Dodds, is showing no disposition to come off the Christmas tree, while Elevator Joe Branch ought to be indicted and convicted by our hustling Circuit Attorney, Arthur Sager, for too much devotion to business and not enough to girls. If I were the doctor I should advise a course of debutantes and vigorous theater-going and supper parties. Maybe he'd move better, too, if he'd get out with the boys now and then. Dan Clark, who used to be Janet Lee's "steady," before she married into the army, seems to have been disconsolate ever since, but there are still—never a noisy—girls left in Vandeventer Place who will ride horseback with him and go to concerts in his company. Really Dan should cheer up and get busy. He is rich and interesting, but he shouldn't become interesting solely to himself. Charles P. O'Fallon is a great beau and a big prize, with his country home, his fine horses and traps. He's great on house parties and knows how to plan for his guests, likes society and all the good things of this world. He was engaged to some Eastern girl who visited here several years ago, but it seems they didn't hit it off somehow, and I'm mighty glad of it. Charlie's too nice to marry out of town. We want him for our very own; would like to see him marry one of those nice Clark girls—Myrtle or Mary. The alliance would bring together people who are especially strong on family trees and that sort of thing. Something like the O'Fallon affiliation would just suit that very old family, the Clarks. Tom Collins of Westminster Place, is semi-occasionally seen as the escort of a pretty girl, but he is altogether too chary of his attentions and is in such danger of becoming settled in bachelorhood that he needs a swift and sudden and strenuous reformation, even if he has to be kidnapped to "accomplish the fiendish purpose." I won't go on to say that he's rich and handsome, but he is devoted to all phases of outdoor life. He belongs to the Country Club, where there's lots of indoor "life," too. He's a rabid golfer and prefers "tees" to teas. I wish he'd let me pick a wife for him. I'd make some pretty girl, blonde and plump, with dimples and "a naughty little twinkle in her eye" so grateful to me that she'd settle an annuity on me for life, which is slightly tautological, I believe.

Henri Graneau, who has by family tradition, the makings in him of a cracker jack, is getting into the bachelor list fast, but I think he'll not stay there, as all the Garneaus marry. I hope he'll not wait quite as long as Pierre did and then up and marry a beautiful "widj" and start off a family with twins. That wicked but jolly Joe Garneau is a terrible warning against bachelorhood, but what man who is qualified for such success as Joe has made as a wine agent for "the widow," should ever be expected to marry, though Gus Hebard did it and so did Dwight Kinney, who has recently fallen heir to a fortune and will never more do his stunt at the University Club of sitting with his feet in a tub of a rival's fizz while drinking his own brand. Capt. Corkery, I am afraid, is hopeless—and so is George Loker. The Lackland boys, Henry and Chaffraix and Edgar, are still "looking round." Henry is devoted to business and has had no time

lately for girls or balls. Chaffraix is reported engaged every now and then, but always denies it, so I guess there's "nothin' doin'." Edgar, "the Dutchman," is out at Los Angeles rather ill and that leaves Harry Turner, another "bach" very much lonesome, although I'm told his heart is engaged in a high quarter and that he is such a desperate "chauffeur" because he is desperately in love. Another story is that "Hawwy" courted a girl and made a great hit with her and went out one night to propose. He fell on his knees to declare his passion but forgot himself in his business habit and poured forth a flamant plea to her to buy a Pope-Toledo machine and got her yes before she knew it—such was his eloquence. I've given up hope of Freddie Robyn's ever marrying. He's too fickle, like all musicians. He said once that if he ever married he'd forget his wife's first name the first day. It's a wonder he doesn't forget other composers' music when he sits down to write his own music. He and Henry Blossom and Mr. Markham do very well as bachelor householders in New York, where a bachelor isn't always as much of a bachelor as he pretends, but out here they are simply exasperating in their aloofness, which is another name for a sort of selfishness, although Freddie Robyn isn't selfish in the ordinary sense of the word, since he has raised two or three whole families on the proceeds of his musical efforts. Matrimonially, these musico-literary geniuses are not to be taken seriously. If they were I'd hate to try to count the number of broken hearts that would lie in their wake. Freddie Robyn may marry the oldest Rumsey daughter some day, if she'll have him, but they have been close friends so long that society thinks it only Platonic. They'd probably hate to spoil their friendship by marrying. The two or three Reber boys, all bachelors, are never seen with ladies and it's a great pity. Doctor Burnett is growing indurated in celibacy ever since the beautiful Lily Carr married. She was the only woman he ever appeared to cotton to and when she became Mrs. Hope Norton, or Norton Hope, or whatever the name is, he gloomed up permanently. He said she was the only real clever girl in society, five years ago, and he was indubitably right, Jane, and keeps her memory fresh and green by refusing to notice the rest of us. He is *tres* or *plus* literary and something of a cynic, makes the University Club his headquarters, and is really interesting, because he is the only man in town who seems to fit the word *blase*. I'm almost forgetting the McLaran boys. You remember dear old, lazy, kind Cousin Charlie, who courted a girl for six years and remained devoted to her even after she married another. He's a darling, and as easy as an old shoe, without Mrs. Joe Lucas' *hauteur*, more like the delightfully natural Mary Alice whom we all used to love at the Hotel Beers. Judge Tom Harvey is incurable and Gus Nieman is incorrigible, though they both have some sentimental story, with dried rose leaves and locks of soft hair put away in their safety deposit boxes. Tom's heart's in the Southland and Gus' sweetheart was a stage beauty of years and years ago, which accounts for his fad for the theater to this day. Some West End girl, with a clerical taste and a Dorcas society penchant, ought to annex the Reverend Mr. Mizner before he gets caught by a pretty visitor, as he's bound to be. He's the swell young preacher of town—and the wicked saint is good looking and appears to be unable to forget it, though he tries hard enough, in all conscience. I like him immensely, particularly because he's not oppressively pious and you can say things in his neighborhood without making him blush. He is one of our greatest

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dinner party favorites, like Will Chauvenet and George Bartlett, both of whom are on the rich bachelor docket, and while fond of girls, won't hasten to choose life partners. I think it's a case of "how happy I'd be with either, were t'other dear charmer away," especially with George. Will Chauvenet is a dear, a real bachelor who shouldn't ever wed. In explanation of which heresy of mine I have only to say that his favorite author is Charles Lamb, though he has one taste that Lamb abhorred. He loves music which Lamb thought "measured malice." No true Elian should ever marry and Will is an Elian, if ever there was one. Dan Kirby has been doing a good many social stunts with the buds, but doesn't settle down for some reason more difficult to imagine than to describe. He is blessed with a fine income, fond of society, and, like the two Primm boys and Mott Porter, is considered an ornament to any drawing room. Porter is getting rich lately, and eschews society altogether. He has big mines in Mexico and goes down there frequently and stays for long stretches of time. I've been thinking much of him lately, because I have been reminded of him by the published descriptions of "Jimmie" Hyde of the Equitable. Archie Douglas, another awfully nice bachelor, has been in mourning for some time, and is seldom seen. Thomas Wright, brother of Mrs. Charlie Pettus and Mrs. George Simmons, confirmed celibate, has gone to New York to live—and mayhap to love, which is cause for ululation in the debutante ranks.

Eugene Handlan has "bached" it for so long, nobody thinks he'll ever marry. And why should he assume responsibilities as long as he's so popular with all the girls and can always keep people talking and guessing about the new and usually stunning women with whom he is seen at the theaters. He's rather *ennuye* I think. I don't hear of him at the prize fights any more. He used to love to carry a grip for Kid McCoy. He used also to carry an actress' grip, too—which I understand means unutterable things in stageland. There's much talk about 'Gene but he's never been caught, and any girl, however prim, would rather enjoy the chance to go out with him. Philip Scanlan would be a great catch. His mother left a large fortune to each of her three children—Mrs. Alonzo Church, Mrs. Tiffany and Philip. He's a good boy, though not goody-goody,

and quite popular as were his half-brothers, Lon and Christy Church. He is a very orthodox young man and his intellectual strong point is in theological disputation on subjects like predestination and transubstantiation, to say nothing of brilliant casuistry upon the doctrine of the "Enclitic de." Two of the Skinker sons have apparently dropped society and show no signs of making some girl blissfully happy for the rest of her life. I spoke of their daddy early in this screed. They have or will have plenty of money and come of fine old St. Louis stock. They ought to be taken in hand before too late. The name should not be left to die out of the city's life and be remembered only in connection with the Skinker road. Louis Werner is a bachelor benefactor of society, in much the same manner as Will J. Thornton, who, when his remittances come, fairly splurges till they're gone, and then settles down to life on his salary as railroad editor of the *Globe-Democrat* and gives all the girls bon-bons, until his ship comes in again. Mr. Werner's dinners at his handsome South Side home are famous and the West End girls, young and old, fight for invitations. He is musical, and always in evidence at the Choral Symphony and other good concerts. He entertains constantly in a small way, and has a wide acquaintance among scholars and clever people generally. Another very little known bachelor, except among his large clientele of patients, is Doctor Robertson, who was with good old Doctor Tuholske for many years. He's just back from Europe, whither he goes for recreation and study every now and then. He has the looks and is wealthy by virtue of his practice and from a substantial English inheritance, and cares nothing for society *qua* society, but likes a few congenial friends, and ought to be captured before long by some interesting, pretty widow, with no incumbrances. Can you suggest anybody; do, and then cable the Doctor, Jane? Doctor Rieloff, a doctor of another sort, of laws, I think, the German consul is now permanently associated with St. Louis and in the eligible bachelor lists. I thought the Fair would see him safely landed, but nothing of the kind. He plays splendidly on the piano. I think he prefers the American women to those of his own nationality, and I fear he's in imminent danger of capture. There are dozens more—Joe Buse, Charlie Galloway, too devoted to organ music to notice how many pretty women are in St. Peter's Church, where he plays; James Eads How, given over completely to philan-

thropy, and hopeless on matrimony, unless he finds a woman with the same altruistic notions as himself—she'll probably bob up serenely some day; Theophile Papin, now in mourning for his sister, but popular with the Hirschberg set and one of the most polite men in town; Julius Foy, now traveling abroad, brother of Mrs. Howard Benoist; Harry Coudrey, reported engaged to some young widow on West Pine boulevard; George Doan, given up by his friends as a settled bachelor; Charlie McKeen, Allen Pendleton, Allen West—but that's a terrible list as it is. Will they ever see the error of their ways, Jane? It's a reproach to the community.

The Gateses are returning to town—John W. and Charlie. I must run and lock up the jewelry and things. Ta-ta!

BLUE JAY.

Hedone

By R. Ellis Roberts

YOU never were more charming than to-night
In this half-light
I almost could believe that you were good,
Fresh in your maidenhood.
The saintly pallor of your face,
Your quiet and unstudied grace
Belie the dancing devil in your eyes.

Could I surmise
But half your thoughts, while thus you gaze on me,
Should I be ever free
Again from doubts, deliberate distresses,
And long anxieties?
Could I, in any wise,
Suffer again the torment of your caresses?
The heavy odor of your loosen'd tresses
Would be intolerable;
And life a murky hell
Lighten'd by memories of what might have been.

But ah! my Queen
It was your body not your soul you gave:
Why should I crave
To go beyond the barriers of your eyes,
The laughing menace of your word
When, at the gates of that dread Paradise,
Still flashes the unconquerable sword?

STATE CAPITAL GOSSIP

BY CALLAWAY DADE

A COMBINE AGAINST FOLK.

There is a great deal of talk here about a combine in the Senate against Gov. Folk. The basis of these stories is found in the vote in the Senate last week against the Governor's anti-bribery bill, compelling witnesses to give incriminating evidence against themselves in bribery prosecutions under the protection of immunity from prosecution. But 14 votes were cast for the bill and 17 against it. Had the absentees been present the ratio would not have been materially changed. Two of the strong men in the Senate, both of whom are considered friendly to the Governor, Senators Dowell of Lewis and McDavid of Greene, opposed this bill strongly, and others voted against it who have never been suspected of designs to humiliate the Governor.

It is apparent, however, that the Democrats who are opposed to Gov. Folk are becoming bolder, since the defeat of his anti-bribery bill. They are exceedingly active. Farris, of Crawford, and Morton, of Ray, have "come out of the brush," and are among the busiest men in the Senate. They now take part in almost every debate, particularly if the matter under consideration affects the corporations. The defeated machine men are also showing signs of life. They have supplied the Legislative Investigating Committees with practically all the evidence that they think will hurt the Governor and the men who managed his campaign. Every time these men want some Folk supporter yanked up before the Senate Investigating Committee, they give his name to Senator McIndoe, Republican, from Jasper County, and forthwith a summons is sent for him. It was these Democrats who dug up every particle of evidence touching the police assessment and everything else that they thought would injure the State Committee and Gov. Folk. They had their net spread last week to catch Col. John H. Carroll of the Burlington, but someone tipped the game off, and he was called to Washington on "important business" just prior to the arrival of the committee in St. Louis.

SOAKING THE SALOONS.

If a number of members of the House have their way saloon keepers in the large cities of the State will have their hands full of trouble the next two years. There is but one law pending that is calculated to lessen the burden of dramshop keepers in the least—Senator Morton's bill slightly reducing the fees paid by St. Louis saloon keepers into the big rake-off of the Excise Commissioner—while all other measures are calculated to remind the dispenser of drinks that he is traveling a hard road. As might be expected, all of these bills were introduced by county members who never lived in a large city. One of these bills, introduced by Mr. Botsford, of Knox, applies the local option law to every voting precinct

in St. Louis. Under its provisions the Mayors of St. Louis, Kansas City, St. Joseph, Joplin and Springfield would be compelled to order a special election, upon the petition of one-tenth of the voters of any precinct to vote on a proposition to exclude dramshops from such precinct. St. Louis members of the Legislature are of the opinion that if this bill becomes a law persons living west of Jefferson avenue in that city will have to go down town for a drink. Another bill requires dramshop keepers, before obtaining a license, to make oath that they have not sold drinks on Sunday, or otherwise be refused a license. Everybody knows what this means. There are several varieties of bills making intoxication a misdemeanor. Senator Frisby of Harrison County is the author of one of these bills, which has passed the Senate. Under its provision, any person who acquires a jag is guilty of a misdemeanor, punishable by fine of not less than \$25, and as much more as a judge or jury may care to assess. One of the House bills is generous enough to exempt the man who acquires his drunk in a licensed saloon, but still another House bill provides penalties for drunkenness under all circumstances. City people may be a little curious to know the real reason for introducing these anti-jag laws. They were all introduced by members who reside in sections of the State that have no licensed dramshops. In such localities, the drug stores do a dramshop business, and it is said that they sell a quality of whiskey that no Levee barrel house in St. Louis would offer to a negro tramp. It is to punish these law-breakers that certain members of the Legislature are asking for laws that would prove irksome to more law-abiding parts of the State. They are perfectly willing to harrass the whole State in order to punish a few whisky druggists who could be reached under existing laws if their own prosecuting officials and courts discharged their plain duties.

HILL LOSING CONTROL.

Speaker Hill has very nearly lost control of the House, as a result of frequent combinations that are formed between the Democrats and the 18 Republican caucus bolters. Every time a test is made, the bolters vote with the Democrats, and not only run over the Republicans of the House, but also of the Joint Assembly whenever it suits them to do so. These frequent combinations between the forces alluded to, have caused the strict caucus Republicans no little uneasiness about the final outcome of the Senatorial caucus. It is well known that between Niedringhaus and Kerens, every machine Democrat and every Democrat who is under lobby influences, would prefer Kerens. It is believed that if the contest continues until after March 4 the Democrats will cease to vote for Senator Cockrell, as it is understood that he will then become a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission through appointment by the President. The Democrats have not yet caucused

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on this matter, so it may be premature to predict what will happen after March 4. It does not seem probable, however, that the fear of the Niedringhaus men that the Democratic vote may eventually go to Kerens or a man of his selection is well founded. The policy of the Democrats all along has been to prevent the election of any Republican, and thus give them a chance to capture the prize two years hence.

BEAUTY PAINS

You must suffer to be beautiful, according to a French saying. There seems to be some truth in the statement, if a lady's maid in Paris is to be believed. She has revealed the secrets of her mistress' boudoir, or, rather, torture chamber. The lady herself is now beautiful, but one wonders that she is still alive. For months she lay flat on her back on the floor, motionless, with her arms close to her

side, during several hours every day. This was, it appears, to improve her figure. During the rest of the day, for the same period of time, she sat on a high stool swaying and rocking the upper part of her body backward and forward and from side to side unceasingly. By this process she is said to have acquired a statuesque throat and a sylph's waist. The lady's nose, having a soaring nature, was corrected and made Grecian by the constant application day and night for months of a spring bandage. One nostril was originally larger than the other, so she wore a small sponge in the latter for a year. Her cheeks have been filled out and rounded by injections of paraffin. Her ears for months were compressed against the sides of her head by springs, while heavy weights were attached to the lobes to produce the required elongated shape, which has been successfully achieved. Having suffered this complicated martyrdom for a year, the lady, as already stated, is now beautiful.

SPECIAL AFTER THEATER SERVICE.

MUSIC FROM NOON TO MIDNIGHT.

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N. D. LAUGHLIN, MANAGER,
FORMERLY OF MISSOURI ATHLETIC CLUB.

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ST. LOUIS, MO.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

CORPORATION TAXES.

To the Editor of THE MIRROR:

The very ingenious appearing article by John H. Drabelle entitled "A One-sided Partnership," is not so fair in argument as its author would have us believe. He would have us think that the public is on a basis of co-partnership with the great railroad systems and all other franchise-bolstered corporations, whereas anyone with eyes can see that their enormous surpluses are caused by a monopoly of privileges or law, or rather, of both of these.

Else how could, for instance, "carriers of persons and goods exact from the public, for the service, excessive rates," if there were fair competition? Monopoly and competition form the plain antithesis in these cases. Let us not have Mr. Drabelle or anyone else throw dust in our eyes by confusing the real issue. That he attempts this very thing is proven by his placing the merchants in the same category with the landlord, the electric light and gas company, and the railroad!

Let me ask of your contributor, if the monopoly based corporations are involved to the same degree of "risks incident to business and enterprise," as is the merchant? We can easily show the absurdity of his claims when we point to the success attending the management of public utilities by the communities of Glasgow and various cities of England. There the monopoly of managing such enterprises is placed where it belongs, viz.: With the public itself. Here, with us, the only way for the public to get back what belongs to it, when it erringly has parted with its just rights and privileges by granting unlimited monopolies to corporations, is to "tax it back" again. Some day we will learn better even than this—and then we will cease to grant away our rights so freely. Respectfully,

JAMES T. WILSON.

✱

A MILLION.

To the Editor of THE MIRROR:

Beautiful boulevard drives, connecting municipal parks, and administrative buildings, grouped in architectural symmetry, are desirable and would, doubtless, cultivate the aesthetic which, in our age of gross commercialism, is a much neglected side of our nature; but we are carnal and must needs have the material wherewithal to feed and clothe our bodies.

Now, parks and drives will neither stimulate a growth of inhabitants nor support the increased population, should it flow into our gates.

An urban population is commercial and manufacturing, and gains in the volume of business in these branches must be made in order to support an increased population for the much-heralded "New St. Louis."

The element which controls jobbing and manufacture is an adequate transportation facility at the proper rate.

The St. Louis jobber who is compelled to pay a twenty or thirty cents a ton tariff higher than his competitor,

sooner or later loses his business; as "the trade" will not pay a premium in order to patronize a St. Louis concern.

That the transportation proposition furnishes the key to the situation, the history of Standard Oil furnishes abundant evidence; and if further testimony is desired, ask the St. Louis capitalists, who have located their manufacturing plants in Granite City, Madison, East St. Louis and adjoining towns, why they located their great factories on the East Side? And they will unanimously respond, "to escape the bridge toll," and the only reason the "plants" now located in St. Louis remain is simply that they are "planted," and they can't afford to sacrifice the capital represented in their establishments.

It is not over-estimating the consequences to say that within the past fifteen years the river transfer charges have robbed St. Louis of 200,000 population.

A manufacturing establishment, say an iron foundry, with an average of 20 car loads per day inbound material, fuel, etc., pays the Terminal Railroad Association an average of about 30c per ton. Six hundred tons at 30 cents equals \$180. One hundred and eighty dollars per day, at 300 days per year equals \$54,000.

Fifty-four thousand dollars per annum is a stiff premium to place upon St. Louis patriotism.

The claim that it is costly to transport freight from East St. Louis to this side is ridiculous. It is costly for the Missouri Pacific to carry train-loads from Kansas City to Omaha; but the rate from East St. Louis (St. Louis is not on the railroad map) to Omaha, is the same as to Kansas City. The Terminal Association is nothing more than the railroads associated in order to economize in the operation of their St. Louis terminal, and if the cost were divided as per the tonnage furnished by each road, the cost would be less than if each road maintained its own terminal separately.

There is no justice in this thirty cent per ton charge. St. Louis has been the victim of this vicious outrage long enough, and it is high time that she should assert her rights.

A discriminating tariff on freight from the East is too heavy a handicap for St. Louis to carry. Very truly,

C. T. SQUIRES.

✱

FOREST PARK "RESTORATION."

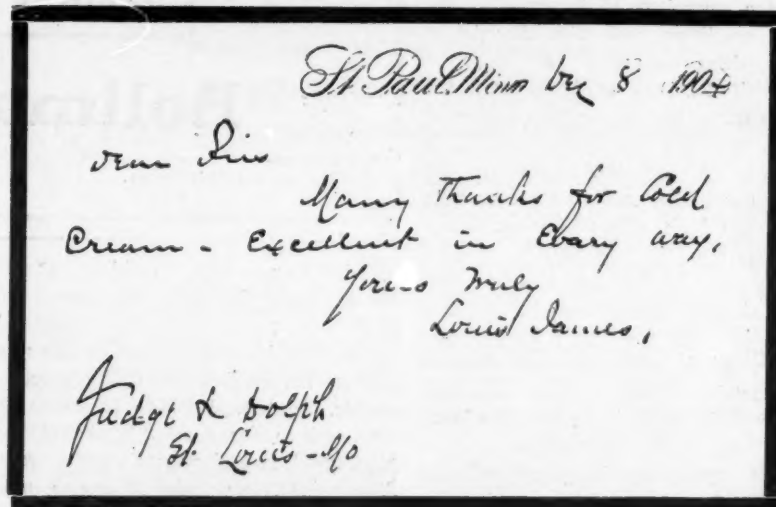
To the Editor of THE MIRROR:

Mr. Francis, having done his will with Forest Park—having cut down the forest, razed the hills, and filled up the valleys, leaving a "barren, denuded plain" in place of the perfection of park land, all in direct, open, and reckless violation of an express law whose observance was the condition of the use of the Park by the Exposition—now asks the city to accept his plan of "restoration" and the bond of \$100,000 (or less, as the case may be) damages, so that he may at once wash his hands of all further responsibility. Then President Francis, with a light heart and overflowing purse, can swing about the

ARTISTIC

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Louis James' Letter

To JUDGE & DOLPH DRUG CO., 515 Olive Street, Saint Louis.
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LOUIS JAMES.

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THE JUDGE & DOLPH
DRUG CO.

515 Olive Street. St. Louis.

earth's circuit to drop in upon the awaiting courts and potentates and reap the delicious aftermath of his recent labors. On that tour of fame Solomon in all his glory will feebly compare with our Dave. But can we so soon let David r. i. p.? It is the duty of the Board of Public Improvements to view the Exposition site and decide matters. President Francis has already urged it to do so. He is in a hurry, it seems. Perhaps his grip is packed and steamer engaged. But how can the Board view all that territory with the faintest approach to noting its condition until all the buildings are cleared away? Here is a grave duty, one affecting the city not to-day only, but all years to come. Mr. Hiram Phillips is President of the Board of Public Improvements. When the bill to allow the use of the park by

the Exposition was before the House of Delegates, to overcome the popular opposition, President Phillips assured the House that the ordinance originated in the B. P. I., that it required the World's Fair Commissioners to place the Park in the condition in which they found it, when they were through with it, and that the B. P. I. would see that that was enforced. It also required a bond of \$100,000 to secure the city against damage, and provided that the B. P. I. should increase that bond if at any time it should deem it insufficient. The Mayor is a member of the Board. While the lawless vandalism of cutting down forests and hills was in full action, notwithstanding President Phillips' solemn assurance and sworn duty, an eminent expert was called in to estimate how the bill of damages was

mounting. He denounced the whole as a wanton destruction, and declared that at least \$650,000 would be required to make the wasted area at all fit for park purposes. Mayor Wells explained this to President Francis, and was promptly snubbed. Nor did he urge the matter, until it was time to open the Fair, when he plaintively cried, what can I do, and he didn't. The directors of the Chicago Exposition turned over to that city \$200,000, the exhibition buildings, etc., etc., and congratulated themselves on getting off so cheaply. Yet Jackson Park was "a collection of sand heaps and marsh, and a growth of shrubs and trees. A most unpromising site." Comment is needless. Now, it is manifest after this patent demonstration of lawlessness on the part of President Francis, and of total disregard of duty on part of our city officials, that if the citizens wish to preserve what rights they have left in the park they must themselves act, and at once. As the House of Delegates has a direct slap in the face in the gross violation of its guarantee, it ought to take action. I respectfully suggest that the House appoint a committee to investigate the present condition, and with the aid of experts, determine what had best be done with the park to fit it again for public use. One of the first problems to take up is the Des Peres Creek. It now flows through the Exposition site in a long, wooden enclosure 5 feet wide and 15 feet high. This very perishable enclosure must be replaced by a permanent one of brick and cement; also a new channel must be made to allow this work. Besides, it will have to extend beyond the site to include the hideous stretch of dam work on the east. What will be left of the \$100,000 bond for the rest of the "restoration?"

As to converting the plazas, broad walks, roads and vast building sites into a green, shady park—ask any honest gardener. The generous loam that made possible the grand trees and deep turf that once adorned the site of the Exposition is forever swept away. Certain Fair officials have been making public statements to the effect that trees are not necessary for a park—children, brown better in the sun; open spaces look better, more like a park—and such like rot. Such are the last insults to a much suffering public that naturally follow the great, initial one of the condemned ordinance. May the citizens of St. Louis not hope that the House will appoint such a committee, if only to vindicate its honor; and that before President Phillips' B. P. I. succeeds in bringing about any whitewashing of an unutterably lawless piece of work, which is surely going to cost the tax-payers a huge sum, in addition to the millions involved in the bonds already issued?

CHARLES A. TODD.

MR. PRESTON ONCE MORE.

St. Louis, Feby, 20th, '05.

Mr. Wm. M. Reedy,

Dear Sir, I thank you for publishing my recent letter, but take exception to being called "a crank" except by that term you refer to one that is in favor

of what our worthy President calls "a square deal," if that's the case I am guilty.

I have a few suggestions to offer regarding the coming mayoralty Election, as Mr. Egotistical Photo It seems determined to force on *The People* his pliant tool, and Governor Folk is going to appoint Kiely Chief of Police again I move you Mr. Editor that we, the Honest Citizens of St. Louis (not members of the "Million Club") demand that Sheriff Patrick Clarke swear in a Vigilance Committee or "Posse Comitatus," (no member of the Million Club, or his son, or relations being eligible) to watch and protect the Decent, Honest, Right-minded Law abiding Citizens of St. Louis in their endeavor to elect the man that receives the most HONEST votes, Mayor of St. Louis.

This Vigilance Committee must have charge of the voting places in the Third, Fourth (Double Strength) Fifth, Fifteenth, Sixteenth, Seventeenth, Nineteenth, Twentieth, Twenty Second, Twenty Sixth, Twenty Seventh and the Western precincts of the Twenty Eighth ward.

We must (absolutely) have a "Square Deal" this time. If Mr. Egotistical Photo It wants his private property on market (18th 19th & Clark av.—around Union Station) on Olive, Pine, Chestnut Market, 12th, 14th & 13th and his Farm on South Kingshighway improved let himself and his friends and associates the rich boodlers pay for it out of their own pockets it would also be advisable for him to come to St. Louis and meet like a man these investigating Committees from the State Leg-

islature and tell them ALL about the "Merchant's Terminal" "The Bridge Arbitrary," contributions to the Campaign Funds last Fall.

Yours for "a square Deal."

ANDREW J. PRESTON,

City.

P. S. I believe "a Posse Comitatus" is sworn in only in cases of emergency, but a St. Louis Election is more than that, it is usually a riot, with murder as a pastime for scoundrels. A. J. P. Please publish this Week.

OWNERSHIP OF LAND.

Mt. Pleasant, Tenn., Feb. 20, 1905.

To the Editor of THE MIRROR:

The MIRROR seems to think it probable that Henry George borrowed the ideas expressed in "Progress and Poverty" from Dove or Lalor, or some of the economic writers of a half-century ago. It is utterly improbable that George had even heard of these writers. In fact, we have his word that he knew nothing of their writings on the land question, and no one who knew him would question his word. While in New York City in 1869, at the age of thirty, Henry George's sensitive nature was struck by the contrast of wealth and poverty. He had come out of the golden west, where opportunities for labor were comparatively free. His mind pondered on the anomalous condition of deepening poverty accompanying material progress. After his return to California his mind continued to revert to this seemingly paradoxical problem. One day while out riding he passed the confines of the city of San Francisco and continued into the coun-

try. Of a sudden he realized the cause of the social phenomenon which had perplexed him. Meeting some miners going into the city he stopped them, and, pointing to some cattle grazing at a considerable distance, inquired the price of land in that vicinity. The miners did not know, but they told him the price of land some miles further out. The price seemed fabulous. George's conclusion that the private appropriation of ground rent was the agency which made the few affluent while condemning the many to poverty, was confirmed.

In 1871 George published "Our Land and Land Policy," in which he outlined the philosophy later elaborated in "Progress and Poverty."

The idea that the rent of land should be utilized for the benefit of all is not so modern. In Cromwell's day Gerard Winstanley taught the same basic truth as Henry George. It is even claimed that Cromwell held the same opinions. John Bull believed likewise. In 1768 Thomas Paine declared that British landlords had no moral claim to ground rent. He suggested that Parliament collect ground rent, and out of the fund pay a dowry to every person upon attaining majority and a pension to every person over fifty. Turgot would have warded off the French revolution and saved the head of his king by the *impot unique*. He would have diverted rent from the nobility and clergy to the State. As early as 1790 Thomas Spence demonstrated that ground rent belonged rightfully to all. He was expelled from a scientific society for his pains.



The New Pianola=Piano

Combining in a Single Compact Instrument, an Upright Piano of the Highest Grade and a Metrostyle Pianola.

It may be played by the fingers on the keys in the usual way. In tone, action, durability and appearance it is absolutely high-grade.

But, most important of all, it contains *within its case* (unseen) a complete *Metrostyle Pianola*, the latest and best of all piano players. The change from finger to Pianola playing takes no more time than is required to slide back a panel in the front of the case and insert a perforated roll of music. There is nothing to move up in front of the keyboard, as the Pianola mechanism occupies the heretofore unused space within the piano forte.

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To call at our store to hear and try this wonderful instrument. You will be surprised at the simplicity of manipulation.

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at Twelfth Street.

Most of these thinkers had the ground rent of rural land only in mind.

In 1841 Richard Cobden said: "I hope to see societies formed calling upon Parliament to revalue the land, and put a tax upon it in proportion to the wants of the State." In our own country Thomas Jefferson, Gerritt Smith, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Augustine Duganne, Horace Greely and others realized that the land belonged to all. But it was left to Henry George to fully state the problem and formulate and popularize the remedy. For this reason impartial history will give him the first place in its long list of benefactors of mankind, and the present will be known, while the species is generated on this terrestrial sphere, as the Georgian epoch.

A. FREELAND.

THE SOURCE

In New York lives a lady fair
Whose home's a palace grand;
To do it justice would require
The pen of master hand.

So I will merely say that she
Has furniture antique,
And pictures, bronzes, bric-a-brac—
All treasures, so to speak.

Her horses and her carriages,
Are really very smart—
A coupe, a victoria,
And very high dog-cart.

Her gowns and hats are wonderful,
For morning, noon and night;
Her fancy frills and furbelows
Are simply "out of sight!"

Her rings and pins and diamonds,
Her rubies and her pearls;
The marvel are of all the men,
The envy of the girls.

Her ermines, and chinchillas, and
Her sables, and her mink,
Her sealskin, and her Persian lamb;
Are quite unique, I think.

'Tis strange to know this lady's pa
Works on a farm each day,
'Tis also strange the lady's ma
Should toil in the same way.

The source of this great luxury
You're curious to seek?
Well, Maizie is a chorus girl,
And gets eighteen a week!

—Town Topics.

THE QUESTION

BY A POET IN EXILE.

I.

This is the cry
That echoes through the wilderness of earth
Through song and sorrow, day and death and birth:
Why?

II.

It is the high
Wail of the child with all his life to face.
Man's last dumb question as he reaches space:
Why?

—From The Japan Weekly Mail.

MAGAZINES

The February number of *Out West*, the popular Western publication, exhales the fragrance of California's garden spots, and reflects the beauty of nature on water and land. Its illustrated articles and short stories possess the desired qualities of variety and merit. Among the contributions are nature studies on "The Glory of the Dunes," by F. E. Hawson, and "A Summer Trip in January," by H. K. Palmer. The stories are "White Poppies of Santa Barbara," by Ella M. Sexton; "The Foreign Fiddler's Fee," by Lee Crane; "The Davidson Pocket," by Ida Alexander, and "A Desert Blossom," by John Harold Hamlin. Exceptionally good quality of verse from the pens of Mrs. Frank Russell, Rose Trumbull, Hartley Alexander, Blanche Trask, Alfred I. Townsend, Edward Robeson Taylor and Isabel Darling is scattered liberally throughout the number.

✱

McClure's Magazine for March contains several articles that will be widely read, as well as good short stories, and some excellent illustrations. Among the readable specials are "The Subway Deal," by Ray Stannard Baker, which chronicles the history of New York's latest monopoly; "Modern Surgery," by Samuel Hopkins Adams, which sets forth dramatically the achievements of the knife since anæsthetics were discovered, and "Careless, Ignorant and Defiant Postmasters," by Post-Office Auditor Henry A. Castle, and last, but not least, John LeFarge's "One Hundred Masterpieces of Painting." Of fiction there is a story of ancient Ireland, by William Butler Yeats, entitled, "Red Hanrahan's Vision," a rich comedy of conversation, "A Wasted Rehearsal," by Jeannette Cooper; "The Maester of Bangilang," a Philippine war story, by James Hopper, and "In the Family," a courtship tale by Mary Stewart Cutting. Anna H. Branch and A. E. Housman are represented by poems, and Frederick E. Scottford, Marion Hill and John McAuley Palmer, also contribute to the interest of the number.

✱

Among the good things in *Leslie's* for March is an illustrated article on "Lords of Traffic," by Frank L. Spearman, an authority on railroad matters in America. The article deals with the personalities, characteristics and achievements of the men who are at the head of the transportation companies of the United States and their responsibility to the great traveling public. It is interesting, in connection with the crusade for improvements to render railroad travel safer. There are, besides, seven clever short stories, by Marion Hill, Frederick Walworth, Crieff Dalzell, James Edmunds, George Hibbard, Henry M. Rideout, Edwin Carlisle Litsey, two incidents of the Far Eastern war that will be read with avidity, one entitled "The Spy" and the other "Col. Terada," a true story of Port Arthur. The book reviews and marginalia by the editor, Mr. Ellery Sedgwick, are pithy and pointed.

"FOR 37 YEARS A STANDARD PIANO."



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WHEN you buy a WING PIANO, you pay the actual cost of making it with only our wholesale profit added. When you buy a piano as many people do—at retail—you pay the retail dealer's store rent and other expenses; you pay his profit and you pay the commission or salary of the agents or salesmen he employs.

The retail profit on a piano is never less than \$75; often it is as much as \$200. This is what you save by buying a WING PIANO direct from the factory. Isn't it worth saving?

Our plan of selling is not an experiment but a great success. In 37 years, over 40,000 Wing Pianos have been manufactured and sold. They are recommended by seven Governors of States; by musical colleges and schools; by prominent orchestra leaders; music teachers and musicians.

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NO MONEY IN ADVANCE.

We will place a WING PIANO in any home in the United States on trial without asking for any advance payment or deposit. We pay the freight and other charges in advance. If the piano is not satisfactory after twenty days' trial in your home, we take it back entirely at our expense. You pay us nothing and are under no more obligations to keep the piano than if you were examining at our factory. There is absolutely no risk or expense to you. Old instruments taken in exchange.

SPECIAL FEATURES.

Some of the special features which make the WING PIANO better than others are as follows:

"Built up" wrest plank construction; "dovetail" top and bottom frame construction; overstrung concert grand scale with extra long strings and largest sounding board area, giving great volume and power of tone; double lever grand repeating action; patent "capstan" regulating device; "non-twisting" hammer shanks; noiseless "direct motion" pedal action; metal key bed support; extra heavy metal plate; metal depression bar; sound board of Canadian spruce selected for vibrating qualities; cases of quarter sawed lumber throughout, double veneered with choicest Circassian walnut, figured mahogany and quartered oak; full length duet music desk; patent practice clavier.

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Imitates perfectly the tones of the mandolin, guitar, harp, zither and banjo. Music written for these instruments, with and without accompaniment, can be played just as perfectly by a single player on the piano as though rendered by an orchestra. The original instrumental attachment has been patented by us, and it cannot be had in any other piano.

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are made with the same care and sold in the same way as WING PIANOS. Separate organ catalogue sent on request.

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WING & SON,

355-35 West 13th St.,
NEW YORK.

37th Year—Established 1868.

A Chicago minister asserts that sometimes the most common statement of fact comes to an ignorant person almost as a revelation. Once, after a Thursday morning address, a worshiper remained behind to thank him, and said: "You always give me something new to think about, and, until I heard you this morning, I thought that Sodom and Gomorrah were man and wife."

AT THE PLAY

The Olympic.

Edna May and the show in which she appears at the Olympic this week are overdone. She's a played-out sensation as to looks, and there was never anything in her voice.

Her future was made by a Salvation Army lassie's uniform—and that's no lie.

This decoction at the Olympic is good of its kind, but it's the sort of thing that will appeal only to people who like that sort of thing.

There are better people in the company than Miss May. There has been heard here lately better girl-show music than characterizes this production.

The audience looked tired Monday evening and its applause was mechanical. We have been dosed to nausea with the puellian musical comedy and can't stand much more of it.

Such shows are getting to be worse than bores. They come near to being nuisances.

❖

The Century.

"Raffles" at the Century, is a poor play made out of a fairly good book, by E. W. Hornung. The play isn't as good as the book, because the book "The Amateur Cracksman," was and is a very clever burlesque or caricature of A. Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes stories, to say nothing of its being the best type of the modern tale of the grotesque and arabesque picaresque.

The play doesn't hang together at all, and the heart interest in it is entirely anachronistic and out of harmony.

There's no disputing the actorship of either Kyrle Bellew or E. M. Holland. They make anything they do appear to be worth while, and in this production they hit hard upon the strings of the sensational and sentimental. But they are engaged in work beneath their talents and their efforts are not worth studious consideration.

The play is fairly interesting and the audiences like it, though those of them who read the stories of *Raffles* as they were first told by *Bunnie*, miss the fine mock-heroic flavor of the style which was more than half the charm of the adventures described. Hornung's stories had a certain artistry. This play has none. It is strained at all points and represents the acme of the made-to-order school of drama.

At least that's how it all appeared to me. Perhaps there are few people in St. Louis who know anything about the delightful Hornung sketches. Fortunate they that they had not to view the play in the light of their remembrances of the stories—and when I speak of the stories I mean the first sheaf of them, not the later *sequelae* which lack the first fine careless rapture of the Australian Hornung's jibing of Dr. Doyle.

❖

Rose Melville, in "Sis Hopkins," is having the usual success that attends her visit to St. Louis. The audiences that have greeted her at the Grand thus far this week have been as large as any this season. Miss Melville is the

same irresistibly funny and eccentric Hoosier girl. She has impersonated *Sis* so long that her admirers sometimes find themselves wondering whether the character was not drawn from her. The company supporting Miss Melville is also up to the mark.

❖

Both Robert Fitzsimmons, the "grand old man" of fistiana, and his wife, known on the stage as Julia May Gifford, are the magnets for patronage at the Imperial, this week, although the drama, "A Fight for Love," in which they appear, is up to the standard of Imperial attractions.

❖

A new musical farce, "Riley's Speech," is easily the effective feature of the Standard show this week. It is presented by "Robie's Burlesquers." The vaudeville specialties are sandwiched in the travesty, and with good effect. Prominent in the performance are Marie Richmond and Oscar Lewis.

❖

Coming Attractions.

"Girls Will be Girls," a musical comedy which is highly commended by the critics and theater goers of other cities, is to be the attraction at the Century next week. Al Leech will be one of the chief entertainers of the company

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	Worth	Price.		Worth	Price.
China Cabinet.....	\$ 66.00	\$35.00	Chamber Suit	\$ 75.00	\$ 37.50
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Buffet	15.00	9.75	Leather Rocker	20.00	13.50
Oak Sideboard	22.00	12.50	Mahogany Chair	20.00	10.00
Oak Dresser	30.00	20.00	Fine Rocker	20.00	11.00
Mahogany Flag Rocker.....	18.00	7.50	Chiffonier	25.00	12.50
Weathered Flag Settee.....	20.00	10.00	Chiffonier	11.00	7.00
Reed Arm Chair.....	12.00	6.00	Mahogany Rocker	17.50	10.00
China Cabinet	90.00	65.00	Reed Rocker	12.00	6.00
Hall Rack	15.00	9.75	Arm Chair	18.00	9.00
Mahogany Cabinet	70.00	45.00	China Cabinet	85.00	60.00
Sideboard	110.00	75.00	China Cabinet	90.00	65.00
Chamber Suit	35.00	25.00			

This is the great furniture economy time of the Spring season. Each year more thousands of housekeepers profit by the immense savings that we make possible. Because you can save from one-third to one-half on the money you expect to spend; or you can buy a *half more* up to *double* the value you expected to secure.

REMEMBER
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BEFORE WE CUT.

Come Early for
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OUR STOCK IS
FRESH, CLEAN AND
UP-TO-DATE.
NO OLD STYLES.

After the theater, before the matinee or when down town shopping

Ladies Restaurant

OF THE St. Nicholas Hotel

has been found to commend itself to ladies for the quiet elegance of its appointments, its superior cuisine and service and refined patronage.

which never fails to score a hit. The usual "professional matinee" will be given Friday next.

❖

"Running for Office," a play that is full of action and comedy, and with that flavor of politics which draws it closer than other pieces to the popular heart, will be the Grand's attraction next week. A good company is promised, and as the atmosphere of St. Louis right now is charged with politics and candidates' "hot air," a large attendance may be looked for.

❖

"Bryant's Burlesquers," a company that has always maintained a high standard, will come to the Standard Theater next week. They will present a strong and large olio bill, as well as ludicrous extravaganzas. There are

which is said to contain a goodly quantity of talent. Leech and his "three rosebuds" are said to be a striking combination. The show will be here for one week, commencing February 26.

❖

"The Other Girl" will be seen at the at the Olympic next week. This is regarded as a show-piece of considerable merit and it will be presented by a first class company. As the opening performance Monday night next will be the benefit performance for Bud Mantz, the genial and courteous treasurer of the Olympic, there will no doubt be a full house, or better still, "standing room" only. "The Other Girl" will have a week's engagement, which will be succeeded by "Parsifal."

❖

"San Toy," a musical comedy that has stood the test of critic and public for several seasons, will be presented next week at the new Garrick, which seems to be the home of the popular musical show-piece in St. Louis. Jimmie Powers, the versatile comedian, will be the principal fun maker. There are seventy other actors and actresses of varying fame, in the company, and, on the whole, it is said to be a clever aggregation. The "beauty chorus" is one of the features of the production

several good singers, comedians and dancers in the show.

"Dangers to Working Girls," a new play of melodramatic force, will come to the Imperial next week. The piece is said to be a realistic presentation of the subject, with a number of effective climaxes, and produced by a company of clever young actors and actresses.

L'ENVOY OF THE AUTHORS

When Earth's last book has been printed and the types are twisted and pied,

When the Smallest Maynard has perished and the Littlest Brown has died,

We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it for the *Century*, at best,

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And write on Doubleday Pages, or an L. C. Page, perhaps;

They shall have real Britons to draw from—Macmillan and Kegan Paul,

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And no one shall write for an Agent, and none for a Private Press.

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Shall write the book as he sees it, for the Dodd of Meads as they are!

—Carolyn Wells, in *Bookman*.

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FINE PAINTING EXHIBITION

The exhibition of French and Dutch paintings which began two weeks ago at that well known local art center, the Noonan-Kocian store, 617 Locust street, has tended to increase the interest St. Louisians have taken in these two schools and art generally since the World's Fair. The exhibition, which will continue another week, though not on an extensive scale, is one that should be viewed by every art lover in St. Louis. There are nineteen canvases, all the works of artists of wide reputation. Occupying a prominent place in the exhibition are two beautiful Diazes, scenes from the historic Fontainebleau Forest. One is a scene from the interior of the forest and the other pictures the famous Barbazon tree on the outskirts, so intimately associated with the school of that name. Mr. Diaz' work is so well known in art circles that no further commendation is necessary.

Another striking picture is "A Venetian Scene," by M. Rico, showing a bright blue Italian sky and perfect water.

F. Thaulow is represented by an Academy picture, "Running Water," in which the water effects as well as the autumn tints of the foliage in the background are done with a touch that defies imitation. A Holland marine scene, by Josef Israels, is another of the striking pictures. Here too the sky and water effects are well nigh perfect.

Among the other notable paintings on view are "A Scene in Southern Russia," by Adolph Schreyer, which is full of life and strength; a fine Dutch interior of rich coloring by Albert Neuhuys; "Twilight" by Cazin; "Expectation" by Alma Tadema; P. J. Clays' "Shipping Scene in Amsterdam Harbor," and small but striking canvases by A. Mauve and J. Maris.

A picture by M. Dieterle is deserving of note. She is the daughter of Van Marck, the well known animal painter, and in this canvas she undoubtedly displays the same talent her father possessed in the painting of animals.

"Some very attractive women," says the *Boston Herald*, "cannot wear flowers at all. No matter how fresh the blooms may be, in a very short time they droop, and roses especially will fairly fall over themselves, soon fading away. If this peculiar effect arises from some natural cause, what is it? One young girl, who is devoted to flowers and never more happy than when surrounded by them, said rather sadly to me the other day: 'What can it be about me, for I have only to look at a flower to have it fade? Is it the evil eye?' I did not think it could be that, for her eyes are lovely in color and expression, but as she is by no means the only 'victim,' as one may call it, some reason there must be for this antagonism. Can it be physical or spiritual?"

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MUSIC

Paderewski.

The pallid Pole is the greatest, and yet the most vicious, of pianists. His recital at the Odeon Monday night was a queer jumble of good and bad playing, but withal, a most absorbing and exciting programme. At times Paderewski played as though his sole aim and object was to live up to the circus-ing to which he submits, and then again his work showed rare dignity and supreme finish. He pounded more than formerly, and stamped on the damper pedal recklessly when the spirit moved; he distorted rhythms, exaggerated sentiment, and indulged freely in the pernicious habit of playing low basses first, and yet—he played magnificently. There was something Jovian in his smiting of the keyboard, and he thrilled his audience by his tonal grandeur, even when he appeared only as a virtuoso in the worst sense of the word.

His best work was done in the almost impossible Brahms variations on a theme by Paganini. This was a stupendous performance, evidencing fully his keen intelligence and masterly control. The Beethoven sonata, the familiar "Appassionata," was finely played in parts, but rendition of the great work was uneven.

In the Bach-Liszt number he abused the damper pedal outrageously in the prelude, but gave a clear exposition of the Fugue. The Schumann "Noc-ture" was exaggerated, and over sentimentalized, and tonally lovely. Paderewski mused woefully the first Chopin Etude that he played—Opus 10, Number 12—and then gave a fine performance of the seventh number of the same opus.

Encores were numerous, and included Mendelssohn's "Hunting Song," the Chopin "Berceuse" and the C sharp minor waltz, and later "La Campanella" of Liszt.

✱

The Kroeger Recital.

A very well arranged, rather short, programme, beginning with Beethoven, and ending with Liszt, was presented by Mr. Ernest Richard Kroeger at the

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Odeon last Sunday. Mr. Kroeger selected Beethoven's first sonata for his initial number, and made his playing of it a fine example of objective interpretation. A group of Chopin numbers followed, in which the most interesting item was a rarely played Mazurka—one of Mr. Kroeger's conspicuous pianistic virtues is that of always presenting something unhackneyed that is worth hearing.

A pretty, well-contrasted group, embracing a Rubinstein serenade, a transcription of a Jensen song, the Liszt "Ave Maria" and his "Walde-rauschen" closed the programme.

This recital was the first of a series of six, to be given weekly.

Winsome Winnie.

Taken as an extravagant burlesque on comic opera, as she is sung, the musical piece by Jacobowsky and Paul-ton, as performed at the beautiful Garrick Theater, is hilariously funny. The star, Paula Edwardes, is extremely clever and attractive, and worthy of consideration from any point of view, but the performance aside from this comedienne, must be viewed only as a caricature, to be found amusing. Cacophony unutterable is the result of the efforts of the male chorus, and some of the principals; the "little German band" of side-splitting memory was but mildly discordant by comparison. A number entitled, "Oh, Maiden!" executed by a "male octette," is a triumph of dissonance, and a young woman billed as Miss Margaret Walker, gives an excruciatingly comical caricature of a prima donna. She is a marvel of pitchless, key-less, vari-voiced assurance, altogether untrammelled by a vocal method, and the bland smile and complacent manner with which she emits sounds altogether unique as vocal tones, are irresistibly funny.

There is nothing in the music to inspire a feeling of resentment for the treatment to which it is subjected. Jacobowsky has not written a second "Erminie" or, if he has, Gustave Kerker, who has prepared the "American version has effectually destroyed all evidences of it. The music as it now stands is an empty, noisy echo of "Robin Hood" and "others." The book reads as though it had been found in a padded cell.


But there is Paula Edwardes—refreshingly, naturally, wholesomely funny. Her personality is as potent as that of May Irwin, Marie Dressler, Fay Templeton or Marie Cahill. She is not a beauty, nor has she a good voice, but her appearance captivates, and her singing is immensely effective. A word also for the singing of Miss Isabel Hall, which is quite possible, and for that of Mr. William Wolff, which disclosed a good bass voice.

PIERRE MARTEAU.

✱

Anna May Loewenstein's song "Nostalgia," sung with success by Mr. John A. Rohan, the St. Louis vocalist, has just been issued by the Balmer-Weber Music Company. Miss Loewenstein is well known in local musical circles. Her "Nostalgia" has been highly commended by many St. Louis musicians.

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KING EDWARD'S TASTES

King Edward is never conventional when he can avoid being so with satisfaction to himself and those around him. His majesty is particularly individual in regard to his tastes in food, and has many peculiarities in this respect which are known to few beyond his intimate friends. Says a writer in *Tit-Bits* (London):

"The King is very fond of his afternoon tea, and having a sweet tooth, as Queen Victoria had, likes to see confectionery on the table. But it is not so well known that his majesty never by any chance partakes of butter, and that, moreover, he never takes tea made with milk, but in the Russian fashion, with a piece of lemon instead.

Similarly he has a special way of his own of making coffee, or, rather it is the way of his own particular coffee maker, Ibrahim, a dark-skinned Turk, with whose skill in this particular department of kitchen work his majesty was at the first experience so pleased that he brought him home with him from one of his journeys abroad, and installed him in the royal household to do nothing else but make the King's coffee. So indispensable is Ibrahim to the King that he is even taken abroad with him. His method of making the King's coffee is as follows: First of all the water is boiled, and then the coffee is put in and allowed to "infuse." Ibrahim then warms it again until the coffee grounds "rise to the top, turn over, and descend." The grounds are then allowed to settle, and finally Ibrahim pours off the liquid with a flourish of his long dark arm, the coffee as he makes it in this way being superb.

Another peculiarity of the King's taste is for the German black bread which is known as "schwarzbrot." It has been a favorite with him for many years; but it is an acquired taste and needs much assiduous cultivation, for the person who tastes it for the first time feels that he would never care to do so again. However, two varieties of rye bread baked in the German fashion are regularly supplied by a German firm in the city of London for his majesty's use. One variety has a large proportion of Vienna flour added to the rye meal, and in the case of this bread the peculiar sour flavor is not so noticeable. Beginners who wish to train themselves to eating "schwarzbrot" usually begin with it. But it is the real "schwarzbrot," the genuine sour black bread which most frequently finds its way to the King's table, and his majesty thoroughly enjoys it.

One of the King's favorite dishes at the dinner table is a minute chicken on a morsel of toast. These little "pousins," as they are called by the poulterer, yield but two or three mouthfuls of delicate, white flesh, and in London they are retailed at such high prices that they are a rare dainty. Nevertheless, in the West of Ireland they are sold by barefooted peasant girls, who charge only 6d. each for them.

His majesty is extremely abstemious in regard to liquid refreshment; but here again he has considerable individuality of taste, and perhaps this is most curiously exemplified in the case

of the "cocktail" which is his own invention. This is made up of a little rye whiskey, some crushed ice, a small square of pineapple, a piece of lemon peel, a few drops of maraschino, ditto of champagne, a dash of Angostura bitters, and powdered sugar, sufficient to bring the mixture exactly up to the royal requirements.

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to the green. Last week's winner came up to his ball with grim purpose. He had an easy pitch to the green, but a number of young sheep were unconsciously browsing along the edge. "Rin forrard, laddie," said last week's winner to his caddie, "and drive awa' the lams!" "Na, na," vigorously protested his opponent, "bide where ye be, laddie! Ye canna move any growin thing! That's the rule of gowff."

THE STOCK MARKET

Security values in Wall street continue strong and upward. The bull faction still adheres to and acts on the belief that the general situation is in favor of higher quotations, and will continue so for some time to come. Dealings, in the past week, were on a respectable scale. They approached the million-share mark almost every day. It is stated that foreign traders play a conspicuous role in stock market transactions nowadays. Their buying and selling operations are closely watched by the professional element, and have, doubtless, much to do with the vagaries of fluctuations. That foreign speculators and investors are specially interested in American securities of promise and repute has been evidenced for some years. They were wise enough, however, to stand from under when the crash in values became imminent in 1902. They could not be induced to appear as buyers in Wall street until quotations had been knocked down to a sensible basis. Then they commenced buying, at first, cautiously, tentatively and somewhat sparingly, but, subsequently, when they had good reason to believe that the worst was over, that the financial fabric of America had not been undermined, they proceeded to take up big bunches of American stocks and bonds, especially the dividend-payers, many or most of which were, at that time, down to a level yielding more than 5 per cent on the investment. At the present time, it is well known that Europeans own enormous blocks of our securities, that they, in fact, own more than they did at any time since the latter part of 1899, when they liquidated on a large scale, on the belief that the improvement in values then in full swing was rapidly nearing its culmination.

The announcement that the banking house of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., of New York, had placed most of the new issue of Missouri Pacific 4 per cent collateral trust bonds made a good impression in Wall street. It lent additional significance to the favorable foreign attitude towards our securities. Considering the heavy demands made upon European capital in the last five or six years, this eagerness of London, Berlin, Paris and Amsterdam investors to purchase American issues is truly re-

markable. For the time being, money is abundant in nearly all European centers. Interest rates are surprisingly low in London, and so they are on the Continent. The recent reduction in the official discount rate of the Imperial Bank of Germany emphasized the cheapness of money in Germany, notwithstanding the financial exigencies of the Russian government. The Bank of England, it is confidently expected, will lower its rate within the very near future. The Bank of France is practically overloaded with gold; its hoardings are almost unprecedented at the present time. But for the prevailing anxiety among the French investing classes as to the outcome of the war in Manchuria and the internal political and economic troubles in Russia, the coulisiers in Paris would doubtless be on "easy street" and make all kinds of money.

The growing plethora of funds of European centers has induced another decline in sterling exchange rates at New York. The Paris rate is rising, and so is that at Berlin. This, of course, prevents, for the time being, a continuation of the shipments of gold at a profit. Whether they will be resumed within the near future, or not, cannot be stated definitely at this writing.

The management of the Metropolitan Street Railway system of New York does not speak very encouragingly in regard to the present financial situation of the company. The recently-issued report of the Interborough Rapid Transit Company has disclosed the fact that the Metropolitan system has been experiencing a severe shrinkage in its passenger traffic since the opening of the Subway lines. This is news that will hardly increase the confidence of shareholders of the company, notwithstanding the ambiguously reassuring words of the President that within a few years the loss in earnings will be more than made up. The Metropolitan cannot afford to lose business. Its margin over and above the dividends paid out has ever been of insignificant proportions; in fact, in recent years, the margin disappeared altogether, necessitating a drawing upon the surplus to make up the deficit from operations. The Interborough report revealed another interesting fact, which is, that the Manhattan Elevated is likewise suffering, to a marked extent,

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from the operation of the Subway lines. In this case, however, there's no danger of any such shrinkage in net revenues as would jeopardize the guaranteed dividend of 7 per cent per annum. Manhattan stock may, therefore, still be regarded as a fair investment, even at current high prices.

The Northern Securities case is again exerting a puissant influence on certain security values. Union Pacific common has risen to almost 131, which is within two points of the highest level touched in May, 1901, at the time of the Northern Pacific "corner." The news from Washington is conflicting. It is hard to figure out why or how Union Pacific common should be so extraordinarily affected by the forthcoming decision. If anybody is anxious to buy Union Pacific common for an investment, let him do so on the intrinsic merits and the legitimate status, existing and prospective, of this unquestionably most valuable property. The ridiculous rubbish that emanates from Wall street nowadays about the Northern securities situation should receive no attention by anybody that has his mother's wits about him. It is foolish and, in the majority of cases, most unprofitable, to buy on rumors. The man of means who acts on Wall street "tips" and gab should have a guardian appointed for him.

Ontario & Western has at last risen above 50. This justifies remarks recently made in these columns regarding Ontario's prospects. The stock will go still higher, in due time, and don't you forget it. It's no longer the old "lobster" it used to be some years ago. The shareholders are confidently looking for dividends, and will not be disappointed. Erie common will follow suit before a great while. The stock should be bought on all setbacks, but not on shoe-string margins. The Erie system is looking up, and that at a fast gait. While many millions more will have to be expended on general improvement work and addition to equipment, there cannot be the least doubt that Erie common will be on the dividend-paying list sooner than expected by the average trader. Material savings can be effected in expenditures. The Erie system's ratio of operating expenses is still a high one. It will be remembered that it was the cutting down of operating expenses from about 70 to less than 60, which enables the Atchison, T. & S. F. Co. to pay dividends on its preferred and common shares. The Erie will be given the same treatment. Eventually, its percentage of operating expenditures will be considerably below 60. It's my firm belief that, some years from now, Erie common will sell at a higher price than Atchison common. You may make a special note of this prediction, if you like.

People with idle money to invest in speculative stocks should keep an eagle eye on Southern Pacific. It will be a hummer after a while. The stock will yet surprise its staunchest supporters. Harriman will do some brilliant work

in this issue, and the property it represents.

Last Saturday's bank statement was in line with expectations. The surplus reserves experienced another loss. They are now at a level unusually low for this season of the year. But for the continued return flow of currency from the interior, the bull movement would already have struck a bad snag. As matters stand, the manipulative buying may continue some weeks longer.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

There was a sort of renaissance in the bank and trust company group in the past week. The bidding was quite urgent at times, and sufficed to put values materially higher in several instances. Transactions, however, were on a modest scale only. There was nothing like a scramble to buy at any old price. There can be no question but that local speculators and investors are inclined to entertain very optimistic views in regard to this class of shares, notwithstanding the fact that prices are already on a very altitudinous level. Mississippi Valley has risen to 377½. This stock, it is thought by well-informed people, will surely go above 400 within the near future. It is a curious fact that parties who bought Mississippi Valley at prices much below the current level, continue tenaciously to cling to their holdings, in the confident expectation of much higher figures.

Missouri-Lincoln has climbed up to 140. It gained about four points in the last few days. Among people who generally know what they are talking about, this stock is considered good for 175 and more. It should be bought on all moderate declines. Mercantile Trust is selling at the same price as Mississippi Valley. The last sale, of 25 shares, was made at 377½. A small lot of 10 shares of Commonwealth was disposed of at 305½. For Third National 318½ is bid, 320 asked, for National Bank of Commerce 309 is bid, 309½ asked. The last sale was made at 309. For Fourth National 325 is bid, 325½ asked. The last sale was made at 325.

Brown Bros.' subscriptions have risen to 114 bid, 115 asked. The advance amounted to about 3 points in the past week. The United Railways reorganization syndicate has announced a second dividend on participation certificates, the dividend to be paid on February 28th. No statement was made as to the amount of this dividend. The first payment made in December, amounted to 17 per cent on the par value of the certificates at \$7,000,000. Rumors have it that the second dividend would be about 40 per cent. Undoubtedly, this is an exaggeration. The annual meeting of United Railways' stockholders will be held on March 6th in this city.

United Railways preferred rose sharply on the conflicting tales floating around as to the probable terms of absorption by the North American. So far, no definite announcement of the intentions of the North American has yet been made. The last sale of the preferred was made at 76; at this writing, 75½ is bid for it. The common proved a laggard. The last fifty share lot was sold at 23. The 4 per cent bonds are quoted at 88½ bid, 88¼ asked.

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The National Candy Co. has declared a dividend of \$3.50 per share on its preferred stock. The dividend is for the last six months of 1904, and is to be paid on March 15th, to stockholders of record February 15th, 1904. The last dividend, paid in September, 1904, was at the same rate.

Money is in light demand at local banks. Interest rates remain unchanged. For drafts on New York 45c premium is bid, 50c asked. Sterling is lower, the last quotation being \$4.88.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

H. F. R., Hannibal, Mo.—Would advise holding Missouri Pacific for the present. Stock acts as if accumulation were going on in it. If it should be pushed up, it will surely touch your point.

W. L.—Yes, would consider St. Paul common good investment. Whether it should be bought at present prices, is another question. If I were you, would bide my time. Even if it should be put twenty points higher, it's bound

to go below present figures again in case of severe liquidation.

TRUST COMPANY ELECTION.

At the annual meeting of the Board of Directors of the Mississippi Valley Trust Company on February 14, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Julius S. Walsh, president; Breckinridge Jones, John D. Davis and Samuel E. Hoffman, vice-presidents; James E. Brock, secretary; Hugh R. Lyle and Henry C. Ibbotson, assistant secretaries; Frederick Vierling, trust officer; Henry Semple Ames, assistant trust officer; William G. Lackay, bond officer; Eugene H. Benoist, real estate officer; Wm. McC. Martin, safe deposit officer, and Breckinridge Jones, counsel. The Executive Committee elected for the ensuing year consists of the president, the vice-presidents and Messrs. Charles Clark, David R. Francis and Wm. F. Nolker. In addition to other matters, this committee has supervision of trust estates, and passes on all investments of trust funds.

THE KAISER'S OPERA

The New York *Tribune's* Berlin correspondent says: "Sensational in a certain sense was the production at the Royal Opera House here of Leoncavallo's 'Roland of Berlin,' the romantic opera which the Kaiser ordered of the Italian composer ten years ago, and which now at last has seen the light. To put it briefly, it was an immense disappointment to everybody, the Kaiser himself included, though he did everything humanly possible to sugar-coat the pill for the composer, treating him with great affability and making both him and his wife handsome presents. It was no wonder, however, that Leoncavallo did not succeed with this opera. Its subject is as intensely and exclusively German and mediæval as Wagner's 'Meistersinger,' and nobody but a German could have approached the text in a sympathetic spirit. Aside from the consideration—and it alone would have been fatal—Leoncavallo has not done himself justice with the music, for that is an incoherent jumble—the orchestration consisting of a succession of very noisy Wagnerian motifs mingled with florid passages interspersed with a few really pretty arias, especially the love duet in the first act. As a whole, even musically, this opera is a distinct failure. The first performance, however, looked upon as a society event, was fine enough. Never before has Berlin had to pay such prices for seats—\$50 and even \$75 for orchestra seats—and never before was an opera audience such a galaxy of elegance, beauty and refinement. Among the 2,500 in the house on the opening night, there were persons who had come expressly from Rome, Milan, Paris and London to view the performance. Nevertheless, this opera is doomed. The Kaiser has no lucky hand with his artistic ventures. Such is the general verdict here."

TEDDY'S APPETITE

President Roosevelt is a hearty eater. He consumes three big meals a day, and sometimes takes a supper before he goes to bed. He breakfasts at 8 o'clock. The ordinary breakfast menu, unless there are some special guests, is the same as in thousands of American homes; some fruit, a cereal, eggs, chops, or sausage; sometimes a steak, but usually meat that is not so heavy. The President drinks one or two cups of coffee or cocoa. There are always guests for luncheon. This is also a simple, homelike meal, with a soup, a meat, a vegetable or two, and perhaps a salad. White wine is served to those who want it. The President usually drinks a mineral water. The President's dinner is more elaborate, usually consisting of five courses—oysters, soup, fish, a fillet, or roast; sometimes a duck or chicken, or some game, salad and sweets. The President, however, has not dined alone with his family more than five or six times since he has been in the White House. There are always house guests or friends to dinner. The President has no dish that he likes

to the exclusion of others. He is a versatile and enthusiastic eater. He is fond of chicken, quail and ducks roasted. He likes Yorkshire pudding with his roast beef. The President likes a bottle of white wine with his luncheon or dinner occasionally. He drinks a glass or two of champagne at a big dinner, but no more. He does not smoke. All this is on the say-so of a writer in the *World*.

TO THE LAND OF THE AZTECS

Southward the tourists have directed their course, and the old historic cities of Texas and Mexico are now teeming with visitors, some bent on pleasure and many in quest of health. Perhaps there never was a time when travel in this direction was so brisk. Mr. D. J. Price, General Passenger and Ticket Agent of the International and Great Northern, the shortest and one of the best equipped routes to these ancient, romantic and ever interesting spots, declares that the hotels and boarding-houses of San Antonio and Mexico City, are even now crowded with tourists from the North, and many others are still arriving or arranging for the journey. It is one of the most delightful of winter trips, and compares well with those of other roads in spring and summer. The ever-growing interest in the historic ruins and scenes which dapple the face of Mexico and parts of Texas is attracting many who have read of the early settlers and the Spanish conquest. Moreover, the commercial relations between the Latin Republic and the United States, as well as the growth in Texas trade and industries has been such that the International and Great Northern found it necessary to establish double daily through passenger train service, including sleepers, between St. Louis, Kansas City and all other points in the United States and Mexico. So that at present the International and Great Northern is the only railroad thus equipped. The new train recently added is known as "the Aztec Special," and it is a flyer, making the trip from St. Louis to Mexico City 15 hours and 17 minutes faster than any other road, and saving the traveler 411 miles in the journey. Both trains are known as "fast passengers." One, the "St. Louis-Mexico Limited," leaves St. Louis at 8:20 p. m., and "the Aztec Special," at 2:21 p. m. daily. The trip to Mexico is by way of the Laredo route, and within the Mexican border the I. T. and G. N. makes connections with the reconstructed short line of the Mexican National Railway, which brings Torreon and Durango into touch by way of Monterey.

R. Hinton Perry, the sculptor, is responsible for the following story of the "scrub-lady," who cares for his studio; "How many children have you, Mrs. O'Flarity?" he asked her one morning. "It's seven I have, sir," she replied; "four be the third wife of me second husband, and three be the second wife of me first."

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